This Week

August 14, 1948

Cover Drawn from Life by Frances O'Brien

Features

PAGE

NEWSPAPERS AND THE PROPHET MOTIVE
By Herbert Brucker..... 6

REFERENCE BOOKS: A YEAR'S HARVEST....19

Reviews

POLITICS IN THE EMPIRE STATE
Reviewed by Oren Root, Jr...... 8

THE ANALYSIS OF POLITICAL BEHAVIOR
Reviewed by William S. Lynch..... 9

PERSUADE OR PERISH
Reviewed by Herbert Agar.....10

THE LANGUAGE OF WORLD WAR II
Reviewed by John T. Winterich.....11

FOR WANT OF A NAIL
Reviewed by Donald Armstrong....12

TAKE UP THY BED AND WALK
Reviewed by Betsy Barton.....13

THE ART OF ADVENTURE
Reviewed by Edwin Seaver.....14

A GREATER GENERATION
Reviewed by Waldemar Kaempffert..14

HOW TO THINK ABOUT OURSELVES
Reviewed by Drew Bond.....15

ROLL BACK THE SEA
Reviewed by John Woodburn.....16

OUR GIFTED SON
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....17

THE SKY AND THE FOREST
Reviewed by Hollis Alpert.....18

TOLSTOY AS I KNEW HIM
Reviewed by William Soskin.....21

ON BEING AN AUTHOR
Reviewed by Herschel Brickell.....24

PICASSO, AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT
Reviewed by John Rewald.....26

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF CHINA'S ART
Reviewed by Charles F. Kelley.....28

ACTFIVE AND OTHER POEMS
Reviewed by Selden Rodman.....29

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY I.Q.....12

LITERARY CRYPT.....15

MY CURRENT READING
By Eva LeGallienne.....17

EDITORIAL 22

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....23

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....24

THE FINE ARTS
By James Thrall Soby.....25

IDEAS ON FILM
By Raymond Spottiswoode and A. Bertrand Channon.....32

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis.....36

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....39

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....40

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 751.....43

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WHEN you buy telephone service you buy a great big package of convenience, safety, happiness and achievement all wrapped into one. More minutes in the day. More things done, more easily.

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TRADE Winds

CORN — BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

THIS EDITION OF TRADE WINDS'S semi-annual round-up of stories currently amusing the populace along Publishers' Row is dedicated to William Brish, superintendent of schools in Washington County, Md., who blandly told a banquet audience, "The way I read TRADE WINDS is to skip all the serious or semi-serious stuff about books in the opening paragraphs, and turn right to the bottom of the column. Cerf always signs off with his funniest story."

For centuries, scholars have speculated over the origin of good anecdotes. "Who on earth makes them up?" is a query I have heard again and again. The uncertainty is now ended once and for all. Two Broadway columnists, by their own admission, "originate" every good story in circulation, and quiver with rage if anybody else dares to put them down on paper. Since it is a well-known fact that neither of these noted wits ever has printed an "oldie" himself—never more than four in one column, anyway—their attitude is understandable and the justice of their plea recognized, if not by their public, at least by several of their close relatives. . . .

THE WORLD SITUATION being what it is, it is only natural that the inscrutable gentlemen in the Kremlin be on the receiving end of most of the topical stories of the day. Examples:

1. A British bulldog and a Russian wolfhound were ambling down Regent Street together. "This country is getting on my nerves," admitted the bull. "No decent meat for the past six years! And it's so long since I've seen a good bone I don't remember what they look like." "Hmph," scoffed the wolfhound, "you should see how it is in Moscow. Meat six times a day. Fine bones piled up at every corner. And champagne with which to wash it down." "If things are so hotsy-totsy in Moscow," grumbled the bull, "what are you doing here in London?" "Well," sighed the Russian wolfhound, "a fellow likes to bark once in a while, too!"

2. "It won't be long now before the Russians have that atom bomb," boasted the reporter from the *Worker*. "In about five years a dozen agents will pack bombs in suitcases, travel inconspicuously to the various capitals of decaying Western democracies, and, boom!, that will be that!" "Ridiculous," scoffed the *News* man. "Where do you think they're going to get the suitcases?"

3. The party leaders were putting on a great show for visiting delegates from the provinces. Stalin himself took in tow a stalwart from the Caucasus who had never been in Moscow before. In one room of the Kremlin, he pointed to a microphone, and said, "That little instrument is hooked up to the entire world. We pour out propaganda into it, and every person alive hears us." The Caucasian was duly impressed. "The whole world hears," he marveled. "I'd like to try it." "Okay," conceded Stalin. "You can say just one word into the microphone." The Caucasian seized the instrument, took a deep breath, and hollered, "HELP!"

"Are you for Truman or Dewey?"

THE SON OF ONE of Boston's oldest and proudest families went to Japan with the American Army of Occupation, and there fell in love with a Japanese maid. When his parents learned that he proposed matrimony, they were frantic. "Before you bring a Japanese girl back to Beacon Hill to live," warned the father by mail, "I implore you to find out four things: is her beauty lasting; does she come from a good family; is she well educated, and, above all, is she a Republican?"

The boy answered, "Stop worrying, Dad. In the first place, she is so beautiful that I tremble when I look at her. Second, she comes from the top drawer of Tokyo society. Third, she is a graduate of Tokyo University, and has a master's degree from Columbia. And fourth, I just know she's a Republican."

The father was pretty well sunk by this time, but clung to a tiny straw. "How do you know she's a Republican?" he persisted. Back came the boy's reply, "I know because every time I ask her a question, she answers, 'Me know Dewey'." . . .

ALAN LOMAX tells of the sportsman who brought his prize pointer with him to Chicago. In front of a Jackson Street edifice the dog stiffened, and refused to budge. The sportsman looked up at the sign over the doorway. It read, "A. Partridge: Lawyer." . . . George Kaufman knows a Hollywood producer who had to buy a new limousine: all the ashtrays in his old one were full. . . . An opinionated English author, lecturing in Pittsburgh, thundered, "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, I nope I shall die an Englishman." A voice from the auditorium, in an unmistakable accent, called out, "Mon, hae ye no ambeetion?" . . . Two Broadway characters were discussing their near-sighted pal Irving Hoffman. "He never recognizes me," complained one. "Do you have the same trouble?" "Not at all," said the other. "I just knock on his glasses and say it's me." . . . A teacher asked, "If a number

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of sheep is called a flock, and a number of quail is called a bevy, what would a number of camels be called?" The nine-year-old ad reader answered, "A carton." . . .

TWO JEWISH refugees passed the home of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. "If I only had that man's millions," sighed one of them. "I'd be richer than he is." "That doesn't make sense," the other reminded him. "If you had Mr. Rockefeller's millions, you'd be just as rich as he is—not richer." "You're wrong," the first assured him. "Don't forget that I could give Hebrew lessons on the side!" . . . Pulsifer was one of the best chauffeurs in Minneapolis and an expert mechanic into the bargain. The dignified society queen who employed him had only one complaint: he was extremely sloppy about his own appearance. One day she decided that the time had come to lecture him on his weakness. "Pulsifer," she began severely, "how often do you think it is necessary to shave?" Pulsifer gazed at her intently. "With a weak growth like yours, ma'am," he replied politely, "I should say that every third day would be sufficient." . . .

ON A ROAD TRIP of the Brooklyn Dodgers, a rookie discovered four ducks paddling contentedly in his bathtub. Team members assured him that the ducks had flown in through a tenth-story window. "I guess that's right," said the rookie, "but how did they turn on the water?" . . . A not-too-reliable report has it that a horse was recently graduated from Harvard. At the commencement exercises a guest speaker (a Yale man, no doubt) remarked, "This undoubtedly is the first time in history that Harvard has graduated an *entire* horse." . . . Lawrence Langner, the absent-minded head of the Theatre Guild, has an old cuckoo clock in his bedroom. One morning the clock went out of order and cuckooed twenty-seven times. Langner jumped out of bed in a panic, crying, "My God, that's the latest I've ever been." . . .

GENERAL JULIUS OCHS ADLER and Bob Considine stole the show at the 1948 banquet of the Overseas Press Club, but John McCloy, president of the World Bank, won the biggest single laugh with a Winston Churchill story. During the war, it appears, the Foreign Office insisted upon its prerogative of reading Churchill's radio speeches before delivery. In one of them, an undersecretary presumed to question the Prime Minister's ending a sentence with a preposition. Mr. Churchill summoned the offender and exploded, "This is the kind of arrant pedantry up with which I won't put." . . . When Considine was covering the atom bomb experiment at Bikini, he was one of a score of correspondents who loaned money to a cadging confrere. All efforts to collect proved fruitless until he dispatched this note: "If I don't get a check in the morning, I'm really going to fix you. I'm going to tell all your other creditors you paid me in full." It worked while he slept. . . . When Lynn Farnol was a neophyte in the advertising business, his boss tipped him off to a unique opportunity to make a little side money. A man engaged to conduct an auction at a nearby farm had taken ill, and a substitute was required post haste. Lynn volunteered, and did nobly until he was asked to auction off a pernickety buck goat.

He phoned his boss, and beseeched, "How do I describe this creature? I never saw the likes of it. It has a gray coat, a mean and nasty look, gray whiskers, and smells to high heaven." "Holy mackerel," shouted boss. "Don't auction that. That's the farmer!" . . .

JACK BENNY has won thousands of laughs with his burlesque violin rendition of "Love in Bloom." The fact is, however, that he rather fancies himself as a violinist, and likes to be taken seriously when he renders an occasional classical air for his friends. At a big party in Hollywood one night, Benny brought out his fiddle, and put everything he had into a piece. When he finished, and the applause had died down, Arthur Hornblow called, "Give us 'Poet and Peasant,' Jack." "What!" exclaimed the blue-eyed Mr. Benny, surprised and flattered. "Again?"

BENNETT CERF.

Dorothy Baker,* in OUR GIFTED SON, stalks her climax as surely, as shrewdly, as purposefully as a cat stalks a bird. There is no waste motion, no false step. And as she moves, the feeling of increasing power held back and of tension slowly, inexorably mounting becomes almost unbearable. And when she is ready there is a spring, a flurry of blood and feathers and then the peace which follows the inevitable.

That is how she creates the story of José Richter, returning to Mexico for his vacation with his American friend, Ted. As the plane disappears they are left in the warm, dusty night of Los Palmos. The large car and chauffeur which José expected to meet them is not there; in its place is a carriage and Frances Anderson, once governess to José and his sister. She had only time to say a few words to José before the car came, but these plagued him all summer.

Here under the hot Mexican sun Dorothy Baker arrays her characters. With the crowds that come to this resort they move about from beach to hotel, to the interior or to Mexico City, drinking, laughing, talking in riddles. As the summer goes on, these five — a father and his two children, a friend, and a strange woman — begin to spar — for time, for facts, for understanding, for love. With a flick here and a touch there and sometimes with a heavy blow, these people slowly reveal each other. And as they do, behind the smooth, hard facade of their ordinariness, an extraordinary story is told.

**author of "Young Man with a Horn" and "Trio".*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Newspapers and the Prophet Motive

HERBERT BRUCKER

NOT long ago Thomas E. Murphy, a colleague of mine on the *Hartford Courant,* was slightly nauseated by the circumstances and trappings of Lana Turner's fourth wedding. He sat down and pounded out an editorial describing a Hollywood wedding that was only a slight caricature of the real thing. In it one Lulubelle Parsnips gave a blow-by-blow account of lovely Bunsyn Burner's twelfth trip up the aisle. The groom, Wally Wopping, was "scion of an old family that could trace its bank account back to the First World War." The flower girls, named Beryl, Cheryl, Meryl, and Zeryl, were daughters of the bride by previous marriages.

Within twenty-four hours Mr. Murphy had experienced most of the delights and some of the anguish that can befall a newspaper editorial writer. He had, it goes without saying, a lot of fun writing his editorial. He felt a little of the sense of divine mission that exhilarated the prophets of old as they cautioned mankind about its foibles. He enjoyed the compliments many readers showered upon him. But also just about every movie-house manager in town called on the front office to inquire, in considerable annoyance, what the *Courant* had against Hollywood. This kind of thing hurt business, they said, and to them that was all that mattered.

I have suggested that editorial writers serve the same purpose as did the prophets of ancient Israel. The late Talcott Williams, editor of the *Philadelphia Press,* and first head of what is now the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University, used to quote Ezekiel to drive home the newspaperman's obligation to society: to "blow the trumpet, and warn the people."

It may seem overdoing it to liken the wage-slaves of the capitalist press to prophets. Some years ago the Continuing Study of the Advertising Research Foundation began to survey the reading habits of newspaper purchasers. The first 100 papers studied showed that seventeen to seventy-seven per cent of men readers paid some attention to the editorials, nine to sixty-three per cent of the women. Taking the median figures as convenient guides, it seems safe to say that about forty-nine per cent of our men and twenty-nine per cent of our women read at least one editorial for each copy of a newspaper they buy.

By contrast eighty per cent of the men, and seventy-eight per cent of the women, read comics. Another eight per cent of the men read sports news or pictures, and eighty-four per cent of the women read society news or pictures. As a clincher to show what people do when they are really interested, ninety-four per cent of the women read local advertising.

Despite these hardly comforting figures, the fact remains that the people need someone to blow the trumpet. And they are guided, far more than they realize, by editorials. They are guided, that is, in the aggregate. When an editorial steps on the toes of a particular individual or vested interest, a storm is certain to follow—as the theatre managers' resentment at the "Lana Turner" editorial showed.

Though he may keep it dark, the editorial writer enjoys sitting in daily judgment on mankind. Since the news on which he comments consists of the unusual and the disagreeable in life far more often than the normal and the pleasant, editorials more often call on the people to repent rather than to rejoice. Our journalistic prophets tend to be Jeremiahs. Our Mr. Murphy keeps on his office wall a copy of William Steig's cartoon, "People Are No Damned Good." It is an occupational hazard, he says, that editorial writers will come to look like that.

People Are No Damned Good

REGRETTABLY, the high calling of prophet to the twentieth century puts on most editorial writers a burden heavier than they can carry. The necessity for commenting each day on the significant, the spectacular, and the purely decorative aspects of the current scene calls for more knowledge, time, and energy than they possess. There are fewer editorial writers than there used to be who are broken-down reporters turned out to pasture. They should of course have the discipline of reporting, of having to recount the facts as they are, before being allowed to express opinions. They should keep up with the current magazines and books, and match what they find in them against at least some insight into the experience of the ages. But even that is not enough. The editorial writer ought to come down out of the ivory tower to see for himself what is going on outside, in the streets and in the council chambers. Unfortunately, there is never enough time.

Besides, few newspapers maintain an editorial-writing staff big enough to do the job right. Indeed, only the metropolitan dailies have adequate resources. *The New York Times,* for example, has six full-time men, plus reasonably regular production from Anne O'Hare McCormick, columnist and authority on foreign affairs, and Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor. Last year no less than sixty *Times* reporters and editors other than the regular editorial writers contributed

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500 editorials. The *New York Herald Tribune,* using fewer occasional writers, has nine full-time men. The *Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis, which consistently turns out as hardhitting an editorial page as any, has six. The *Christian Science Monitor* has four full-time and one part-time editorial writers. Occasionally it gets editorials from others on its staff or from the outside. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* a somewhat smaller paper, has three regular writers.

On the majority of newspapers, which are quite small, a single man writes all the editorials, with occasional outside assistance. Small wonder that at times their editorials resemble the ones J. Donald Ferguson, editor of the *Milwaukee Journal,* says he wrote in his early days on a country weekly. In sheer self-defense against the pressure of time, he would steal editorials bodily from his more fortunate big-city colleagues. At the beginning he would write, *"The New York Times,* from its vantage point looking over the world, says . . . " Scissors and paste provided the body of the editorial, which ended with some original comment like, "With this view we surely agree," sometimes varied to read, "The remarks of *The New York Times* are asinine."

MOST editorial writers are so busy that they stay in their offices, read the headlines, and say what they can about the news. No wonder the product is often dreary. Too many of our editorial pages are journalistic quick lunches, manned by short-order essayists. There is a preponderance of editorials on political and economic happenings, important no doubt but often ignored by the crowd as remote from daily life. What ought to be incisive opinion all too often turns out to be a collection of cliches. What can you say that's new about Palestine, or Russia, or the town pump, when you've said it all before? It is an appalling experience for an editorial writer to read any list of bromides. There, staring him in the face, is his guilt. In the daily grind he uses shopworn phrases instead of sharp-edged words that give precise form to what he wants to say. Is it any wonder that editorials are read by only forty-nine per cent of the men and twenty-nine per cent of the women?

On the few fortunate newspapers that have several workers in their editorial cubbyholes, there naturally tends to be a division of labor. Each man usually writes on those subjects that attract him, or about which he is particularly informed. And every newspaper of any size has what might be called a Do-Good Editor. He is the typewriter virtuoso who plugs the Boy Scouts, the Community Chest, and the Cancer Drive. His is a duty of labor rather than of love. But some of his editorials touch hearts and open pocketbooks.

The individual flavor and point of view that frequently characterize the products of well-staffed editorial shops sometimes arouse in the public a curiosity as to who wrote a particular editorial. The horsewhips and pistols that were once standard office equipment for Southern editors are gone. But irate citizens still come in, breathing fire that will not be quenched until the wretch who wrote that piece has been confronted with his sin.

THIS conception of the newspaper editorial as merely the whim of one individual leads many readers to the notion that editorials should be signed. *PM,* before it became the *New York Star,* acceded to this view. Superficially it may seem a liberal policy, a concession to the fact that newspaper editorial opinion sometimes has less authority behind it than its anonymous dignity indicates. But doesn't an editorial lose something when it becomes merely one man's hunch? Our columnists, homegrown or syndicated, give us more than enough of that.

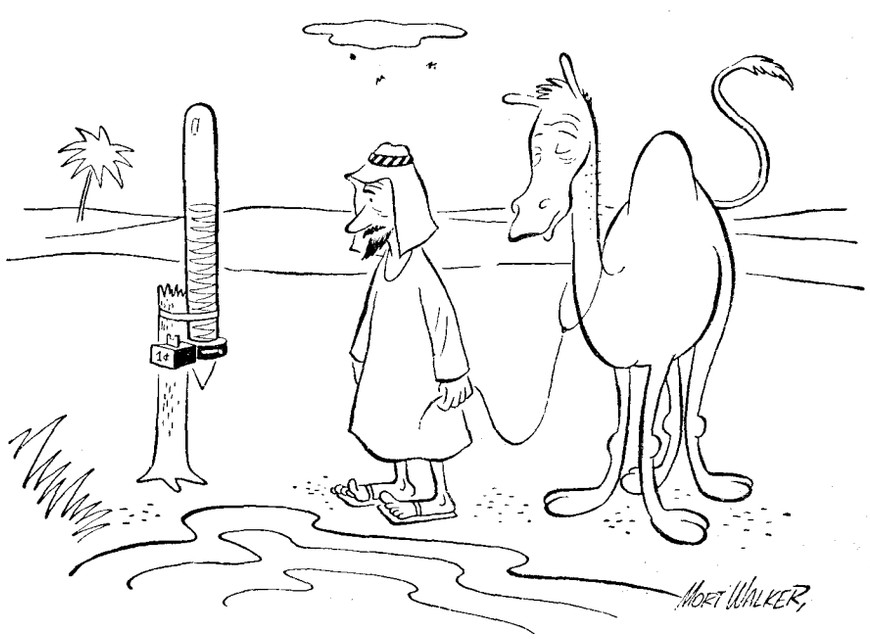
Newspaper editorials should rather reflect the corporate personality of the journal in which they appear. My own paper, the *Courant,* has survived many battles in its 184 years. We who write for it today feel the shadow of the early Federalist editors over our shoulders. We know that the radical Abraham Lincoln was once its hero. We also feel the reflexes of the old guard Republicanism of the early 1900's, and throughout the nearly two centuries runs a stubborn streak of Yankee individualism. All these elements form a tradition that will color what we shall write tomorrow.

It is possible, of course, for a change in management to change a paper, as when Joseph Pulitzer's *World* vanished into the *World-Telegram.* But under ideal conditions what a paper says is not just an owner's or an editor's or an editorial writer's personal opinion. It is a corporate entity made up of an understanding of the community, a sense of responsibility, and a yen to fight for the underdog. Above all, it must be seasoned with the local flavor. Only if an editorial writer knows his own Main Street will his readers heed what he says about Washington and Moscow. But if he does, his paper assumes a personality of its own. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts. An editorial page is bigger than the individuals who happen to be writing it at any given time.

AS I have suggested, this is an ideal, an ideal not always easy to attain. Every newspaper, every editor, and every editorial writer is constantly subjected to a myriad of pressures, many of them unseen and many not even consciously realized. Among these are pressures of the status quo, the economic forces of the community, the closeness of the ownership to one side or another in the local political and social push and pull. These are the forces that the great journalist of the *Louisville Courier-Journal,* the late Henry Watterson, had in mind when he defined a good editor as "a man of outstanding talent, who owns a majority of his newspaper's stock."

Today few editors and certainly no mere editorial writers own a majority of their paper's stock. There is scarce-

(*Continued on page* 30)



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Politics. *In the great game of politics the rules are undefined and exist only to be broken. In contrast to politics you have political theory, which is a set of abstract rules that nobody pays any attention to. Aristotle, Rousseau, Locke, Mill, Godwin, Spencer, and countless other great minds indulged in political theory, and many thinkers today continue to write descriptions of what political institutions should be like rather than what they actually are like. But gradually politics and political theory are merging. We review below two books ("Politics in the Empire State" and "The Analysis of Political Behavior") one journalistic and one academic, which represent a fruitful approach to the question. Both authors, like John Gunther in his "Inside U.S.A.," are trying to describe what they have seen instead of what they would like to see. Only thus will the complex game of politics ever be understood, and mastered.*

Facts of Political Life in New York

POLITICS IN THE EMPIRE STATE. By Warren Moscow. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 238 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by OREN ROOT, JR.

THIS relatively short book by one of the top political reporters of *The New York Times* provides an accurate and readable explanation of the facts of political life in New York State. It will bring to the average reader in unusually painless form an understanding of how the government and political parties actually work. New Yorkers will be more interested in it than other people, but the political pattern in other states is sufficiently similar to New York's for the volume to have a general interest for readers throughout the country.

The most attractive characteristic of the book is that, while the author is thoroughly realistic, in that he at all times goes behind the form to the substance of whatever he is discussing, he has not given way to cynicism. In analyzing the various purposes for which political patronage is used, for example, it would have been easy for him to make a dramatic indictment of the whole political system as corrupt and self-serving. In fact, however, while pointing out the dangers inherent in the dispensing of patronage, he acknowledges that it is a decidedly useful instrument of government when properly used by responsible officials in the legitimate exercise of political leadership.

A casual reader may find certain sections of the book a little dry, as, for example, where it analyzes in some detail the political balance of power in a number of up-state cities and counties, and where it describes, one after another, the functions of the various government departments. For many persons, however, these facts will be useful to have at hand, and anybody not interested in them can skip those passages without losing a sense of continuity. Whatever there may be of dry statistics is more than made up for, moreover, by the author's lucid exposition of the functioning of the legislature, the governor, the political machines, the courts, and other aspects of our governmental system. Many lawyers, I am sure, have not as clear an understanding of the New York judicial process, both in its surface and sub-surface aspects, as is revealed in the chapter entitled "Coke and Blackstone."

"Politics in the Empire State" is not built around personalities, but political figures, such as Dewey, Al Smith, Franklin Roosevelt, LaGuardia, and others, are used to illustrate the author's points. Mr. Moscow betrays no party bias, and one finishes the book without a hint as to his preference between the "elephant," the "donkey," and the "splinter parties." By and large he analyzes without judging, which is what a good reporter is trained to do. In the anecdotes scattered through the text the author has discreetly withheld the names of most of the people who are butts of the stories. One may wish one knew the name of the delegate to the 1940 Republican Convention who, having been repaid a party loan by Dewey forces (who themselves borrowed the money for the purpose), nevertheless voted for Willkie, but one must respect the discretion with which the name was withheld.

One of the most useful parts of the book is the demonstration of why the system of primary elections has proven ineffective. In the early years

THE AUTHOR: Warren Moscow says he's "one newspaperman who never had any idea of writing a book." A year ago he did a piece on the decline of political machines for *The Saturday Evening Post.* It was condensed for *The New York Times.* Knopf got interested, gave him an advance. Mrs. Moscow said, "Now let's have that baby." Three months ago bound galleys on "Politics in the Empire State" and mixed twins were delivered. By previous marriage he has a daughter, aged twelve. He was born and lives in Brooklyn, learned his way through whereases at Brooklyn Law School, got his "first real view of bureaucracy" junior-clerking at the old New York Edison. At eighteen, fraternal tugs from the *Brooklyn Citizen*'s copy desk landed him a $15-a-week job covering City Hall. He went on to Hearst's *New York American* and, in 1930, *The Times,* for which he has handled politics ever since. From 1938-44 he was its Albany bureau head; betweentimes he reported Gotham housing, public utilities, and transit woes, toured with Landon, Dewey, Roosevelt, and, last November, Stassen. In 1937 he seesawed with FDR's train 8,000 miles before-and-after sampling public opinion on the Supreme Court scuttling. It required twenty hours' work and numerous elixirs a day to achieve. He spent seven months in 1944 as Pacific war correspondent. On the side, he likes mysteries, ping-pong, and tennis, adding affably, "And I am a very fine amateur bartender." He has appeared several times over WQXR in "Meet the Press," and was recently presented to the American housewife by Mary Margaret McBride. His parents came here from Russia in the '90's. The Communist Party, he believes, "is an adjunct of the Russian foreign office, but how far we can go as a democracy to protect ourselves and remain a democracy is a question I would like to have answered." His book isn't meant to be anti any Presidential candidate, just truthful. "I'll probably wind up voting for Truman," he sighs, "and I'll hate it." R. G.

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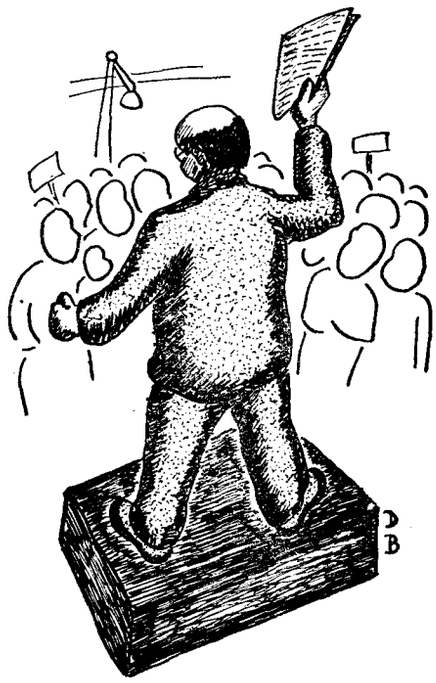
of this century, great political leaders, such as Hughes, Root, Stimson, and Theodore Roosevelt fought hard to obtain passage of the direct primary law. Their purpose was to transfer the selection of candidates from the bosses to the people. Yet, although the law was passed, the situation remains largely unchanged. Mr. Moscow points out that while this law has given the people the right and the power to select candidates, they do not in fact select them because of apathy among the people themselves. The number of enrolled voters who vote in a primary election seldom exceeds twenty-five per cent of those entitled to vote, and in most cases is about ten per cent. The machines get their people to the polls while the non-machine voters stay away, and thus the machines retain their power. The existence of the primary, however, makes it possible for the non-machine voters to express themselves when the issue is sufficiently dramatic to arouse them, and to this extent it has improved our political life.

In addition to being generally educational, Mr. Moscow's book provides timely background for such contemporary matters as the split in Tammany Hall, Mr. Marcantonio's relationship to the Republican, Democratic, and Communist parties (he has or has had some relation to them all, as well as to his own American Labor Party), and Mr. Dewey's rise to power in the Republican Party and the State. A somewhat over-lengthy discussion of Dewey's public relations and press conference techniques, not entirely complimentary, can be excused on the ground of personal privilege of the author. The powerful attack on public-opinion polls contained in the final chapter is less easy to justify and seems, to this reviewer at least, to have been dragged in by its coattails. It would take more than one or two diversions such as these, however, to spoil what is otherwise a most useful and interesting book.

It is a truism that the success of democratic government depends upon an informed and responsible electorate. If every voter would read this penetrating volume, that success would be more definitely assured.

Oren Root, Jr., a lawyer who has been active in Republican affairs in New York State, was chairman of the Associated Willkie Clubs of America in 1940.



Clarifying Democratic Morals

THE ANALYSIS OF POLITICAL BEHAVIOR. By Harold D. Lasswell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 314 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

AT the beginning of this volume an editorial note asserts that its specialized discussion of concepts, terms, and methods are not academic. In fact, some of them semantically and conceptually are simply redolent of the seminar and of the professional journals in which they first appeared. The editor also, while admitting the "net is cast wide," suggests that the book has unity. The same could be said of the "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences" to which this one bears no small resemblance.

It used to be that learned men collected their scattered papers and published them as miscellanies. Today's avid scholars shuffle them a little more, revise them a little less, and give the arrangement a title. Since there must be a limit somewhere to a man's specialties, and since most knowledge can be labelled on some level, however generic, it cannot be too difficult to find a place and a name. So if you are looking for a specific, this isn't it, even though the papers are arranged under three categories which imply concrete treatment: "How to Integrate Science, Morals, and Politics," "How to Analyze Politics," and "How to Observe and Record Politics."

As a collection of articles by a political scientist who represents in his work and in his influence the transformation which is taking place in political science, this is something else. Impatient with the older notion that their field is not much more than an appendage of political history, men like Lasswell have been turning to psychology and sociology, to the radio, and to practical administration, to discover not only how political institutions came about, but why they did and how their evolution can be directed.

Eventually these men may find the integration of the social studies they are seeking. Meantime their efforts, as typified here, will lead them to explore in places that seem at first most diverse. Gifted with curiosity, they bring together levels of thought and logical order in a manner that seems incongruous but for which the word empirical serves as a nice justification. Imagine, for instance, a paper devoted to a scheme of card joltings for the busy executive to determine the focus of his attention in the same volume with a lengthy and philosophical article proposing and justifying sweeping reforms in the teaching of law, or a detailed analysis of the attitude of three clerks in a welfare office toward its clients, not far removed from a study of the relationship of the insecurity of lower middle classes to the rise of Hitlerism.

Through this baffling potpourri there can be detected the suggestions of a pattern. Lasswell is using science to clarify democratic morals and to find the techniques of relating them to reality. Impatient with the ambiguities of political literature, he means to make democratic philosophy observable. "Operational principles in representative and specific contexts" as democratic processes cannot be assured by simple acquiescence in the idea that freedom to talk will result in decisions consistent wtih the preservation of the democratic system." Legal education, for example, will never become an effective instrument of public policy while it exaggerates the relative importance of the appellate court in methods of social control. The influence of policy makers, the principles of values on a low level of abstraction (civil liberties, employment, social security, etc.), skill training—these are the true dynamics of society which must be scrutinized. Persons, institutions, occasions, policies and practices, doctrines, myths, and legends are the stuff of interpersonal relations.

It is its awareness of this principle that gives this book its value and interest. That and the psychological insights it uses.

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The War.

"The friendships which we buy with a price," wrote Machiavelli, "and do not gain by greatness and nobility of character, though they be fairly earned are not made good, but fail us when we have occasion to use them." Political warfare as practised by us should be, during peacetime, the winning of friendships abroad, and during war the maintaining of them. We have fought our wars, however, in such innocence of spirit that political expediency has taken the place of settled policy, and strength of arms has stood for strength of purpose. Yet, as early as 1922, a popular book by Walter Lippmann emphasized the importance of public opinion, and in 1940 Edmond Taylor's "The Strategy of Terror" warned of the powers latent in political warfare. Carroll's "Persuade or Perish" (see below) brings the story up to date.

American Delusion

PERSUADE OR PERISH. By Wallace Carroll. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 450 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HERBERT AGAR.

THREE years after the war the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* asks in a ballade: "But when do the pipings of peace begin?" It is an interesting question. Anyone who wonders why we are still waiting (anxiously and unrewarded) for those pipings, will find one answer in "Persuade or Perish," a wise and profound discussion of the relation between politics and war. The book is also a discussion of OWI—of America's information to her friends and political warfare against her enemies. The two activities cannot be separated, for if the United States had kept her friends reassured, confident that she meant the fine words she used, she might have done a swifter job of discouraging her enemies. To whatever extent she let her friends think worse of her, to the same extent she gave heart and hope to the foe.

"Persuade or perish": Mr. Carroll blames the failure to persuade on the American delusion that the war was a purely military operation—something which could be "won," and there was an end of it. In fact, like all wars, it was a political operation, a method for imposing and maintaining policy; but too often, where the Americans commanded, policy was put aside until the military phase ended, with the result that faith in our declared aims received a setback from which it has not recovered. With each sacrifice of policy to the immediate needs of battle, the notion that the war was "about" something became more outmoded. And the deep respect which America at first inspired became outmoded also.

Wallace Carroll's beautifully lucid

Wallace Carroll: " . . . the honest patriots whispered their misgivings."

book is a series of illustrations of these sad facts, beginning with the first use of American arms in the Western theatre: the North African campaign. "A notable military victory and a crushing political defeat," Mr. Carroll calls it. "The confidence of the great coalition in American leadership and American motives had been shaken," he adds, and few Americans who were in touch with European opinion at the time, either through the underground or through the governments-in-exile and their armed forces, will dispute the statement. For those who watched the unnecessary decline of our prestige in Western Europe the very names "Darlan" and "Peyrouton" turn the blood cold six years later. As Mr. Carroll shows, the trouble was not so much that American policy was wrong as that it was incomprehensible and silent. "Bewildered by American actions," he says, "and worried by the American failure to explain, the honest patriots of the allied countries whispered their misgivings to each other . . . Over the uncharted routes across the Channel fear spread to the Underground, and back from the Underground came the fears of hunted and harassed men. Here was the devil's own tempest and nothing to tame it!" Needless to say, the last people to be told what was happening were the people whose job it was to explain American policy abroad.

It is fair to add that suspicion of the United States was never widespread in England—although, as Mr. Carroll says, "the British, who had fought a good many successful wars, were always amazed by the American obsession with the military side of war . . . For the British, an army was an instrument of policy, and policy never became a mere instrument of the army." Yet on the whole the English trusted our motives, however strange our deeds; it was only among the extreme liberals (in the American not the English sense) that they whispered against us. Extreme liberals are a discontented tribe everywhere.

On the Continent, however, and among the exiles, the distrust was dangerous, needless, and heartbreaking. If we still listen vainly for the pipings of peace, it is partly because of our failure to persuade Western Europe while the task was easy. "Public opinion," says Mr. Carroll, "is a reality that must be faced just as squarely as any other." It is a reality we chose to neglect. We thought winning the war was like winning a world's series; then everyone would go home, and everyone would remember who was champion.

Herbert Agar, journalist, author, and editor, was from 1943 *to* 1946 *special assistant to the American Ambassador at London and director of the British Division of the Office of War Information.*

Footnote

By Ben Ray Redman

AND those who kill themselves for love
Are not so dead as those who live,
Demanding what they cannot take,
Parading what they cannot give.

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Gwibitzers with Isolhash

THE LANGUAGE OF WORLD WAR II: Abbreviations, Captions, Quotations, Slogans, Titles, and Other Terms and Phrases. Compiled by A. Marjorie Taylor. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 1948. 226 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THE development and spread of war speech are always engrossing phenomena. The small professional army (like the diamond-cutting trade, or taxidermy, or any other specialty group one cares to mention) has always had its trade lingo. Diamond-cutting and taxidermy are not subject to vast accretions of personnel; armies repeatedly are. The newcomers bring in new terms and absorb the old; the professional soldier retains some of the new; some of both get into common speech.

Miss Taylor—she is a member of the staff of the Rochester (New York) Public Library—is concerned with much more than service speech, professional or otherwise. Total war made for total language. A dear little old lady who took in sewing in a Vermont village might not have understood everything a Marine gunner's mate home from Saipan might say to her, but I think she stood a better chance than did a Roman mother listening to an account of the adventures of a centurion son just back from furthest Gaul.

Much war speech was artificial and contrived—*meatlegger,* for instance, and *isolhash,* which I had never heard before I saw this book and am willing to forget right now, even if Fiorello La Guardia did invent it—it means "stale and discarded bigotry, narrow-mindedness, prejudice, hatred, greed, and selfishness." (It doesn't sound much better than his idea of using tonight's coffee grounds for tomorrow's breakfast.) Equally contrived, but wholly acceptable, is *Eisenhower Platz,* for London's Grosvenor Square —a designation for which Miss Taylor does not assign authorship, outside of a *New York Times* reference, and one for which authorship will probably be forever unassignable.

Blood, sweat, and tears (Mr. Churchill actually said "blood, toil, sweat, and tears") goes back to 1611 and John Donne: "Mollifie it with thy teares, or sweat, or blood." Byron wrote "blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions." The American Thomas Branagan (1774-1843), an early opponent of slavery, attacked ladies who talked anti-slavery but continued to use its products, such as drinking tea "sweetened by the sweat, the blood, the tears of their own tender sex." And in 1931 a book on the Russo-German front of the First World War said of the Czarist armies: "Their sweat, their tears, their blood bedewed the endless plain." The author of that resounding Alexandrine was Winston Churchill.

General MacArthur appears in this compilation as a master of the ponderous phrase: "Corregidor needs no comment from me." Then he went on to comment: "Through the bloody haze of its last reverberating shot I shall always seem to see the vision of its grim, gaunt, and ghostly men." He rates twenty-five or more citations to Eisenhower's half-dozen and Marshall's four. And Representative Karl Mundt, then relatively unknown, invented *gwibitzer,* i.e., a member of the Guild of Washington Incompetent Bureaucratic Idea Throatcutters. A gwibitzer, reported Mr. Mundt, "is not to be confused with a kibitzer; the latter merely stands on the sidelines and watches while the former sits in the path of progress and trips those who would traverse it." *Newsweek* used precious paper to air this on December 21, 1943.

This, of course, is the sort of book which traditionally gives the reviewer a chance to strut and preen and show how much more he knows about the subject than the compiler does. I must beg leave, in the large, to ignore this convention (and for cause) and shall limit myself to pointing out a few trivia of errors and omissions solely by way of maintaining my professional standing. *Revetments* no more merits inclusion in a dictionary of "The Language of World War II" than would *soldier* or *fort*—they must all be about of an age. The *S* in *SOP* is for *Standing,* not *Standard, Operating Procedure*—you can catch a good many army alumni on that. To Miss Taylor's list of *-happies* might be added *hump-happy* and *flag-happy* (the latter characterizing a high-ranking naval officer whose temporary elevation has gone to his head). *Hump* itself was good aviation terminology back when the Himalayas were only a name in many a future pilot's grammar-school geography. Miss Taylor traces *jeep* as far back as a Popeye strip in 1936; she admits *Wimpy,* also a Popeye derivative, as a British designation for the Wellington bomber (from J. Wellington Wimpy). *Dogfight* goes back to the First World War, and *dog-tag* is at least as old as that. Miss Taylor probably feels bound to say *World War II* because it has official and Presidential sanction, but until that anti-gwibitzer Mundt gets a law passed making it treason to say anything else, I intend to say World War II no oftener than Punic War III.

Fifty years from now, or perhaps only five, this manual will almost certainly have been superseded, but at the moment we are in 1948, and it is still quite safe to regard "The Language of World War II" as the latest, if not the last, word on the subject, and to call it an excellent book.

"We have a two-room flat empty . . . of course, it's a walk-up."

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Mathematics of Transportation & Supply

FOR WANT OF A NAIL. The Influence of Logistics on War. By Hawthorne Daniel; Foreword by General Brehon Somervell. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 296 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

GENERALS and admirals and their staffs plan campaigns. That is strategy. They fight battles and these combat operations are known as tactics. A third element determines the success or failure of strategy and tactics. This is called logistics. A large part of an army, a fleet, or an air force, and nearly the entire civilian population today play a role in logistics. What they accomplish in producing and distributing the resources needed to implement strategy and tactics controls the outcome of war.

The late war was above all an operation in logistics. The vast numbers of planes and weapons of all kinds, the trucks and jeeps, the artificial harbors and long pipe lines for supplying gasoline, the food, clothing, and medical supplies that maintain armies fit for combat with superiority in materiel have not been forgotten. But it is less evident that even in the remote past logistics has governed strategy and tactics. Mr. Daniel reminds us that there is nothing new under the sun; that supply and transportation in war have frequently changed the destinies of nations.

In his studies of a half dozen wars and campaigns, from Washington's surprise attack at Trenton to the Allied invasion of France in 1944, Mr. Daniel offers convincing proof of the controlling influence of logistics on the outcome of war. His emphasis is usually on the reasons for failure rather than the grounds for success. For example, consider his first case history of logistical error. The British Army under Cornwallis pursued Washington's ragged host of a few thousand men across New Jersey. The American general sent instructions to gather all available boats on the Delaware to facilitate his crossing the river and to prevent the British from following him over this unfordable stream. After Cornwallis was halted at the river's edge, because he had through a grievous blunder in planning provided no boats or pontoons, another mistake followed. The British widely dispersed their troops in winter quarters in towns that were not mutually supporting. These two logistical errors committed by the British enabled Washington's strategy and tactics to create the turning point of the Revolution.

Mr. Daniel summarizes most effectively the course of our Civil War from the point of view of logistics. In spite of the superiority in strategy and tactics that characterized so much of the South's military operations, they failed and they were almost inevitably doomed to failure, because of their economic inferiority. The effective blockade prevented imports, and the lack of industries and the poor roads and railroads made supply and transportation increasing obstacles to military success. Grant's operations in the West and Sherman's march to the sea moreover deprived the Confederate states of the agricultural resources of the occupied areas. Appomattox was the result of logistics rather than strategy or tactics.

So it goes with the other examples cited from military history. Mr. Daniel correctly assesses the logistical errors in the Peninsular War, Napoleon's Moscow Campaign, the Sudan Campaign, and the invasion of Europe in 1944. General Somervell, one of our most distinguished logistical experts, in a noteworthy foreword writes:

> Coming as it does from a non-military man, its objectivity should be a strong recommendation to any who are interested in this vital subject, one which may well be the key to our ability to perpetuate our way of life.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CLOSING LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are the closing lines of twenty well-known poems by as many different poets. Can you name the poets? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 16.

1. What immortal hand or eye
   Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?
2. There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
   You will wake, and remember, and understand.
3. Liberty's in every blow!—
   Let us do or die!
4. A mind at peace with all below,
   A heart whose love is innocent.
5. O, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed—
   But not in our alley!
6. For he on honey-dew hath fed,
   And drunk the milk of Paradise.
7. I am the master of my fate:
   I am the captain of my soul.
8. About the woodlands I will go
   To see the cherry hung with snow.
9. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
   Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
10. Poems are made by fools like me,
    But only God can make a tree.
11. I warmed both hands before the fire of life,
    It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
12. I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
    Loved I not Honour more.
13. If these delights thy mind may move,
    Then live with me and be my Love.
14. Haply I may remember,
    And haply may forget.
15. One crowded hour of glorious life
    Is worth an age without a name.
16. Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
    Youth's a stuff will not endure.
17. The trumpet of a prophecy! O, Wind,
    If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
18. But the tender grace of a day that is dead
    Will never come back to me.
19. Give me but what this ribband bound,
    Take all the rest the sun goes round.
20. But she is in her grave, and, oh,
    The difference to me!

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Morale. *The urgent theme of the hour, the immediate preoccupation of all thinking men, is "the moral breakdown in our civilization," as Lewis Mumford calls it* (SRL *June 26). Two books, to be reviewed next week, point the finger of blame towards scientific materialism—Charles Lindbergh's "Of Flight and Life," and Aldous Huxley's novel, "Ape and Essence," which depicts a shattered world of the future prey to apes and priests of the devil. . . . Is science really to blame for our plight? The "inspirational" books reviewed below would suggest rather that salvation lies in a morally responsible use of scientific techniques. Physical rehabilitation, described by David Hinshaw, is the brainchild of modern medicine and psychology; Mrs. Overstreet's lectures on "How To Think About Ourselves" depend upon sociological techniques; while the psychologist, Dr. Ligon, calls for a welding of religion and science.*

Changing 23,000,000 Lives

TAKE UP THY BED AND WALK. By David Hinshaw - Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1948. 262 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BETSEY BARTON

A FEW weeks ago, at the graduation ceremonies of the Institute for Crippled and Disabled in New York City, we in the audience were extremely impressed by what we saw. We watched while a veteran who had been shot through the back in Italy, and is paralyzed from the chest down, struggled to his feet and walked on braces and crutches over to the stage to receive a citation honoring his courage in learning to live again. We watched while fifty other graduating men and women, suffering from different types of disabilities, made their way to the stage and received their diplomas. And we knew that the diploma symbolized victory over a handicap to each of its recipients, and the start of a useful life.

In his vivid and inspiring book, "Take Up Thy Bed and Walk," David Hinshaw makes it clear that as short a time as fifteen years ago, such a scene would have been impossible. The veteran would have died soon after his injury. The other men and women would have received medical care following their accident or disease and then been sent home, without retraining, to learn to get around as best they could, or to spend their days in a wheelchair.

The science of physical rehabilitation has made this enormous change in the lives of the twenty-three million disabled in this country possible. It is still an infant science, but Mr. Hinshaw describes its origin and development excitingly, placing special emphasis on the pioneer role of the institute as the first rehabilitation center in this country, and giving due credit to the amazing amount of knowledge brought out during World War II by the armed forces.

The promise of rehabilitation is a peculiarly democratic one: that all men, no matter how unequally endowed, must be given an equal chance. Such concern for the welfare of the invalid does not exist everywhere even today, and its existence here is relatively new. Mr. Hinshaw traces the evolution in attitude toward the disabled and charts these stages of development: extermination, ridicule, custodial care, and now, finally, education.

Primitive societies, he writes, put to death those who could not carry their weight and fulfill their duties within the tribe. During the Middle Ages, the deformed and maimed were beggars or jesters, ridiculed and outcast. With the dawning of social consciousness in Europe, asylums were provided where the invalid could at least live in peace and be fed. But these asylums were primitive and filthy (as are many of our insane asylums still today) and it was not until this century that the problems of the disabled received enlightened medical and public attention for the first time following World War I.

—*Roy Justus in* Minneapolis Sunday Tribune.
"O, Say, Can You See . . . ?"

Since then, the advance in all branches of medicine has been phenomenal. Not the least of it has been the increase in understanding of the true nature of man, resulting in a change in therapeutic emphasis. We now know that a man is a mind-body organism who functions in relation to a family and a past and a society, and that his separate sides cannot be treated independently if he is to regain his usefulness, but must be treated as a whole. Thus rehabilitation is a complex process involving the teamwork of many technicians: doctors, physiotherapists, psychologists, occupational therapists, vocational guidance experts, social welfare workers, and vocational trainers. To quote Mr. Hinshaw: ". . . we have entered the sixth stage of development, the stage of intensive rehabilitation of every disabled person, in keeping with the facts of his *total* personality and his *total* environment."

Perhaps the most appealing parts of this book (since our capacity for visualizing statistics is so limited) are those which Mr. Hinshaw devotes to telling the stories of various disabled people he has known, and those paragraphs which show clearly his humble admiration of the effort that so many of them are called upon to make.

> You and I who are physically whole [he writes] can dress ourselves, tie our shoes and ties, comb our hair, swing on busses or trains, drive cars, play tennis or golf, dance or swim, or do anything else pleasure or responsibility requires. In contrast, these men and women, boys and girls, because of disease or accident, are unable to do these natural or normal things until after months, in some cases years, of repetitious and torturing effort. To learn only how to make simple, natural body movements calls for heroic mastering of the mind and spirit. Immanuel Kant once said two things filled him with awe: the starry heavens and the moral law. After having seen the physically handicapped struggle to master their fates, I am convinced that Kant's list of awesome things should include their heroism.

Once they have made the effort to retrain themselves, the disabled prove to be excellent workers in their jobs, whose presence in an organization is a morale builder and whose records of application and diligence often outshine those of their healthier fellows. Mr. Hinshaw closes his book with an outline of the need for more rehabili-

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tation facilities in this country so that the promise which rehabilitation can now fulfill will be brought to more of those whose lives it will transform.

That promise was best expressed by General Arnold, in his address to some wounded AAF men: "Our aim is to take each casualty . . . and return him to civil life in such condition that *the disability which he suffered will not be disabling.*"

Betsey Barton, daughter of columnist Bruce Barton, last spring published her first novel, "The Long Walk," about a veterans' hospital.

Elderly Pongo

THE ART OF ADVENTURE. By Eric Linklater. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 293 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

THE title piece of this collection of light essays is the talk Mr. Linklater gave to his students at the University of Aberdeen when he became their rector after World War II. As a rectorial address, his talk must have seemed refreshingly unorthodox. Don't take your instruction too seriously, Mr. Linklater advised, certainly not compulsory instruction; put not your faith in security, which is a snare and a delusion. "You may regard life either as the general adventure or as the general burden," he said, and the same thing applied to one's reading. One should read greedily and indiscriminately, but always *con amore.* "The great accidents of life are love and death, and death is compulsory but love is arbitrary, and love is the more popular."

Mr. Linklater is as graceful and adept an essayist as he is a novelist, but even he is not always successful in substituting charm for substance. His essay on his friend Evelyn Waugh, for instance, seems to this reader decidedly thin, while his eulogy on the playwright James Bridie belongs quite definitely to the raised eyebrows department. On the whole, the best things in this oddly assorted collection of war memories and historical and biographical sketches are the war pieces, and the best among these is "Primavera."

One's first thought on coming upon the title of this essay is Botticelli's masterpiece and, for a change, one is right the first time. It was in a castle outside beleaguered Florence that Mr. Linklater came upon a fabulous treasure of early Italian masterpieces, hidden there for safekeeping. It seemed beyond believing to him, as indeed it seems to us when we read him, that he really came face to face with Botticelli's Primavera, not remotely aloof on the wall of a museum, but face to face, on the human level. Mr. Linklater endears himself to us forever when he tells us that he actually kissed the pregnant Venus and the loveliest of the graces, the one on the right. No artist ever had a lovelier tribute paid to his work.

The author, who calls himself an "elderly pongo" in World War II, saw service with the British Navy at Scapa Flow, was with a film unit at

—*Drawing by J. C. Heath.*

Eric Linklater: "Put not your faith in security."

Gibraltar, was an army historian assigned to the British Eighth Army in Italy. He tells us somewhat of his experiences, writes of General Alexander whom he admires as an artist and a soldier (not to mention the General's exquisitely tailored clothes). He writes also of Trevie Napier, the naval officer, who was killed by endocarditis or, "to be plain about it, the burden of defending a country that had made but little preparation for defense save the casual begetting, in some of its people, of a sense of duty." Also, of Richard Hilary, author of that beautiful book, "Falling through Space," who met his death in air manoeuvers in 1943. Mr. Linklater sees Hilary as a latter day Rupert Brooke, perhaps more interesting because more complex and more perplexed.

As a sometime and somewhat abstractly fanatical Scots nationalist, Mr. Linklater devotes three admiring essays to Robert Burns, although it is a little difficult to tell whether he admires Burns more because he was a poet, or because he loved widely and yet well, or because he was Scottish. Just to make the potpourri complete, there is an essay about Dr. James McGregor, who, in case your memory betrays you, was Inspector General of Hospitals under the Duke of Wellington.

Spiritual I. Q.

A GREATER GENERATION. By Ernest M. Ligon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 157 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

LIKE many clergymen, teachers, moralists, and reformers Dr. Ligon, professor of psychology in Union College, Schenectady, and director of the College's Character Research Project, is worried by the low spiritual state to which the world has sunk. How are we to cope with the problems presented by the atomic bomb if we have lost faith in the principles taught by Christ? Religion must regain its influence, and character must be rebuilt through religion, admonishes Dr. Ligon.

These admonitions are centuries old. So is the appeal to religion. But how are we to make humanity live up to the teaching of Christ? Convinced that exhortation of the conventional pulpit type is futile Dr. Ligon calls for an application of the scientific method, which procedure is to weld religion and everybody's conduct together and so build human character. For character is more important to Dr. Ligon than a high I.Q. or a higher standard of living.

Dr. Ligon admits that he has not yet worked out a complete scientific system for the development of character in accordance with Christian principles, but he has blazed a trail and, with the help of churches, teachers, and parents achieved results which he does not set forth in much detail but which, he assures us, are notable. Given more practitioners of character development—practitioners trained in religion and science—and Dr. Ligon sees no reason why the world should not be set upright on its moral and spiritual feet and why it should not avoid war, economic strife, and other evils as it now scientifically avoids an epidemic of typhus.

Though Dr. Ligon would probably deny that he has been influenced by the behavioristic school of psychologists, he and Dr. Watson have much in common. Where Dr. Ligon speaks of attitudes and how the assumption of the right attitude is to be made almost automatic through drilling, the behaviorists would speak of conditioning. Though Dr. Ligon is evidently a deeply religious man, without being a bigot, and though he is something of an evangelist, he is an eminently practical pedagogue. Probably few will disagree with his tenet that it is absurd to teach religion as we do to children—absurd to expect girls and boys of school age to grasp the signifi-

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cance of the Beatitudes or of the Sermon on the Mount. Much of his work has therefore been devoted to finding out at what age levels various religious conceptions can be understood, also to finding the constituent attitudes which are a part of human nature at particular age levels, and then to inventing necessary curricular methods. Children are not only taught but tested to discover their attitudes and aptitudes.

This is no easy task, and Dr. Ligon knows it. The principles to be followed are set forth in a chapter on traits, which admittedly needs more development than is now possible for lack of research facilities. There are questionnaires, ratings, and scales, and these must be used in preparing a personality profile of fifty-nine traits. Evidently, character traits have no meaning apart from the person. Each student must be treated as an individual. Whether or not we agree with Dr. Ligon that if his methods are followed it is "possible to bring up a greater generation of good will with strong character sufficient for the task of world leadership so needed today," his message is worth the attention not only of clergymen and parents, without whose aid nothing can be accomplished, but above all of teachers who have so far only roughly tried to adapt their methods of imparting knowledge to the mental ages of their pupils. It is good to read a book which tries to supplement pulpit preaching with a system of positive action.

Bonaro W. Overstreet, "who laudably decries prudery on a certain subject, has retiring reticences of her own."

Preface to Self-Forgetting

HOW TO THINK ABOUT OURSELVES. By Bonaro W. Overstreet. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 205 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DREW BOND

THIS agreeable little book should probably be classed among the inspirationals. Its objective, however, is not so much to say what one should do, as what one should think. Should think, that is, about oneself in these tumultuous times. "The kind of self-understanding that is sound enough to be a preface to self-forgetting" is the modest but accurate way in which the author defines the aim of "How to Think About Ourselves."

The writer considers the Self with its powers, both limited and unlimited, moving in this changing world, within the field of American culture, heir to certain traditions (some vividly alive, some dying, some already dead) under various more or less definitely accepted "authorities." Within this "Framework of Experience," the Self, conditioned by habits and in close or distant communication with others, works, creates, it may be, is a person among people and comes, among the most fortunate, to its fullest fruition through love. Chapters on "Error and Self-Deception" and on "Building a Personal Philosophy" wind up the volume.

It is plain that this work differs considerably from others with somewhat similar intent. The substance is, to be sure, hardly new; it is that of the tradition which stretches back at least to Emerson and which had its most popular, if crude, exposition in Trine's "In Touch with the Infinite." But Mrs. Overstreet's treatment is poles apart from that of such predecessors. The religiosity has gone with the wind; the babble about "opulence," "abundance," and "God's children" is stilled. Like the mythical First Man, the book is "of the earth, earthy," but it is of a rather good, sound sort of earth. One might call "How to Think About Ourselves" an inspirational work grounded on current sociology.

To what groups is this book likely to appeal? Generally, when a question of this type is asked about a book, the reply must be a guess. But in this instance, as it happens, one can do more than guess.

Mrs. Overstreet is a highly popular teacher and lecturer. She has written five other books—all of a hopeful type. She has frequently spoken before adult classes, forums, community councils and, in especial, in these last few years, has, with her well-known husband, Harry Allen Overstreet, taught under the auspices of the extension service of the University of Michigan. "Virtually every idea contained in this book has," says Mrs. Overstreet, "been explored and weighed by these men and women."

Here then we have the views and the suggestions of a thoroughly normal, healthy, alert, and highly intelligent woman with solid literary training to large groups of hearers, themselves likewise of sturdy, if not always well-trained or well-informed mentalities. These auditors have wanted light to dispel perplexities, useful words which may be applied to their own difficulties—and Mrs. Overstreet has done her best to meet their needs. With hardly a doubt, they may be considered a fair sample of a very substantial portion of the American population; and the readers, like these hearers, should welcome this new work.

The closing chapter should logically be the climax of the book. But Mrs. Overstreet, who laudably decries "prudery" on a certain subject, has retiring reticences of her own when speaking on the ultimates of philosophy. Her last chapter should be omitted; the omission would strengthen the book.

"How to Think About Ourselves" is worth two readings.

Drew Bond, a former newspaper editor, is a financial consultant and writer on financial subjects. He has contributed to periodicals and is the author of five books.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 269

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 269 *will be found in the next issue.*

RCTFX FA PCGEFPT SCHY

GEQP Q MPCBRYWTY CN

BCHWA.

XEQHRYA RQSZ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 268

One eye-witness is worth more than ten who tell what they have heard.

PLAUTUS—TRUCULENTUS.

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Fiction. *The three novels reviewed this week should come as a welcome relief from the discontent with war and America's postwar social sins that so many of our young writers have taken for their themes. The settings of all three are as geographically far apart as Holland, Mexico and Africa; the authors are trained and skilled craftsmen. If you are looking only for escape from present woes, there is in them more than meets the eye. "The Sky and the Forest" by C. S. Forester, creator of the imperishable Captain Hornblower, is more than an African adventure tale since it is concerned with the discovery by a black chieftain of his soul. A. Van Doolard's "Roll Back the Sea" reveals in an heroic story the Dutchman's age-old passion for the conquest of land; Dorothy Baker's exciting mystery "Our Gifted Son" shows the Latin artist at odds with his own people and American materialism.*

Hydrocephalic Nation

ROLL BACK THE SEA. By A. Den Doolaard. Translated from the Dutch by Barrows Mussey. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 437 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

THE Dutch are a wonderful, egregious, paradoxical and, one might say, hydrocephalic nation: cherishing peace, they are consumed by a passion for conquest; a law-abiding people, they have lived for centuries on land which they have acquired by means of the most patient, open and brilliant thievery; and they have water on the mind.

On page 7 of A. Den Doolaard's "Roll Back the Sea," in my opinion the first major work and certainly the finest to come out of the Netherlands since the novels of Couperous, are two heroic paragraphs which illumine the Dutch character.

> A period arrives in the history of almost every nation when the people are seized with the great passion of land hunger. Then its armies go out to do battle with real or supposed enemies, and advance its frontiers far into the territory which once belonged to others. Even little nations that now pass for peaceable and utterly innocent have suffered these fits of madness. Posterity, however, cannot imagine what drove their forebears to such fierce onslaughts; the great wave of passion has splattered into froth, and the wind of the age has blown itself out.
>
> In Holland alone a passion for conquest still smolders and grows with the centuries: to create land out of water—not only to defend, but to assault and push back; to paint green, bit by bit, what is blue on the map. To grow grain where fish have swum; to ride horses where the monotonous waves have marched; in most Hollanders this passion remains unconscious.

Thus, living with the indignant waters all around them, on land which a storm at any time make forfeit, the people of Holland have long been students of the sea. They have a great, precise knowledge of the ways of wind and water; they have developed and compiled tactics and stratagems of offense and defense as exhaustive and daring as those of Von Clausewitz, and when their young men dream of becoming warriors, they do not think of the battlefields, but of the war with the water, fought by the great hydraulic engineers. These are the men of the Waterstaat, in The Hague, a body of men adept and esoteric in their profession to the point of wizardry, who work for the State. Aloof, august, and honored field marshals who have never known an armistice, they live surrounded by blueprints and tide-tables, with a wetted finger held to the wind, as it were, and their ears cocked to the sound of the sea. There are no greater heroes in Holland, and rightly, for it is their wisdom and vigilance which stands steadily between the Dutch people and the tireless, cunning water.

—*From the book.*

"Forty thousand everyday people clung with square Dutch stubbornness. . . ."

In 1944, when the Nazis still occupied The Netherlands, the British, grimly weighing expendables, joined forces with Holland's other, older enemy; they dropped bombs on the great dikes encircling the Island of Walcheren, admitting the sea. Except for a few isolated villages, most of Walcheren lies below water-level. Each day at high tide the North Sea came strutting down the streets. It drowned the neat parks and the gardens, and when it came pushing into the houses of Walcheren it was so tall that a man could wash his hands in it from a second-story window. Nevertheless, 40,000 everyday people clung with square Dutch stubbornness to their island, while more and more of the evacuated 30,000 came back. And each day, at ebb tide, the people went plashing through the salty streets about their workaday business, and hurrying back, maybe cutting it a little fine, to get home, and upstairs, before the return of the invader. While this was happening in Walcheren, you may remember, there was considerable unrest in our good, dry land because of the tiresome difficulty in obtaining sufficient gasoline for pleasure cars.

"Roll Back the Sea" is the story of the people of Walcheren at this time. Essentially, however, it is a story with only two principals: man and the sea, old and familiar antagonists, meeting in battle. When the North Sea poured through the towns, André van Hummel came up from The Hague to command the counter-attack. A dry, sharp-tongued, inconspicuous little hydraulic engineer, one of the famous water-wizards of his generation, he began operations with, as he said, "two wrenches and a leaky rowboat." With him came Berend Bonkelaar, the contractor, a great, storming, jovial, tireless giant who loved money and food, respected swift salt water and rejoiced in dominating it. In fifteen months these two, with the bargemen, dredgers, cranesmen, and the brushwood *fascine* workers, by begging, borrowing, and "liberating" their material, by sleeplessness, wizardry, and heroic, punishing ef-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Blake. 2. Browning. 3. Burns. 4. Byron. 5. Carey. 6. Coleridge. 7. Henley. 8. Housman. 9. Keats. 10. Kilmer. 11. Landor. 12. Lovelace. 13. Marlowe. 14. Rossetti. 15. Scott. 16. Shakespeare. 17. Shelley. 18. Tennyson. 19. Waller. 20. Wordsworth.

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fort, mended the shattered dikes and brought Walcheren out of the sea. That, I suppose, is all, but it is also one of the great things of our time.

There is a great warmth and surge to this book, and the people in it rise up and shake off the pages in the way that they shake the salt water from themselves: they are brave, very Dutch, and very human, from little Anton Hynssen, the mouselike insurance agent whose life gains self-importance by a chance encounter with the water-wizard, to Beren Bonkelaar, whose big voice roars like the surf throughout the book, and solemn Klaas Otterkop, the brushwood foreman, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather seemed to stand at his side as he awaits the exact half-minute when the turning tide will be right to sink the great brushwood mattress which will hold the sand and clay against the battering water. This is a very good book, in fact, a noble book, spacious, and at times exalted, and full of the sound of life; a war book about a battle in a very old and never-ending war. The Dutch had contempt for the Nazis in 1944, but they came out exulting to meet the onslaught of the respected sea.

A final, admiring bow to the publishers of this good book, who have bound it handsomely, priced it mercifully, arranged a sensitive translation by Mr. Barrows Mussey, and frequently lighted its pages with beautiful line-drawings by Kees Bantzinger.

Storm From a Clear Sky

OUR GIFTED SON. By Dorothy Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1948. 234 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

AFTER so many modern novels fresh from the burdened minds of young writers to whom these days of peace seem to be merely an interlude more disturbing than war itself, or others that recite the saga of a family pursued exhaustively through the generations, Dorothy Baker's "Our Gifted Son," may seem at first to be an inspired translation from a Latin tongue. It is written with such a sensitivity for moods, for the sound of the correct word, and for the revealing gesture, that it shows the artist and the stylist beneath the dramatist. It is like a musical composition which begins by embroidering languidly a few simple Mexican and American motifs, enchantingly tropical in its harmonious setting, and then before the listener is aware of the alteration in tempo and depth, it sweeps into violence and ends in the thunderous chords of death and disaster. It is as if Miss Baker had withheld from her readers the significance of what they were reading, from one deliberate sentence to the next, until she had placed them, when her book is almost over, straight in the path of unalterable tragedy.

One quarter of the entire novel is devoted to the arrival at a luxurious seaside hotel in Mexico of two young men from Harvard. José Richter, the gifted son of a fabulously wealthy German-Mexican landowner, is destined to become a pianist and composer; his American friend and classmate is a matter-of-fact, but understanding, engineer. For nearly sixty pages there is the slow sequence of ordinary events; they arrive in a plane; they are met by an American woman, still young, who used to be José's governess; they drive through the walled streets and squares of Las Palmas; they dine at a café on the cathedral square, and they enter the great hotel that the young man's father has built, and there they find Señor Richter waiting. Literally nothing happens that is out of the ordinary, and yet through deliberate and apparently inconsequential conversation the reader is held, avidly waiting for the sound of an alarm, for the blow, for the explosion that finally occurs.

In the process the young men are revealed, one the born musician, proud of his country, longing for his home and a sight of his powerful, precise father, and the cheerful American who will never understand the nature of Mexico or why his friend has not told him that his mother has recently died and that his arrival has interrupted a time of mourning. A curious intimacy is shown between the unwithered governess and the pupil in whose genius she has deeply believed. A sentence or two about the Mexican chauffeur, who drives to town at an appalling speed and who refuses to let his young master take the wheel, deftly portrays the father's dominating, perhaps tyrannical nature. At the café the waiter's brief words of condolence at his mother's death produces this simple reaction in José:

> He stayed silent and lost, unable to speak, and then very suddenly and with violence he stuck his hand out and snapped his fingers, not at all a gesture of grief, but more like the retarded, despairing finger-snapping of a man who sees the last car of his train too far down the tracks.

The reader does not need words to tell him that her death means more than bereavement to her son, and that in it there may lie the crux of a mysteriously unfolding drama.

For many more pages there is no definite clue. Señor Richter, a short precise man, receives his American guest coldly in his hotel rather than in his huge home, and then unexpectedly, and against reason, takes him to his hacienda, offers him a glittering position as manager of his estate, and permits him to see enough of his beautiful daughter in Mexico City so that he falls in love with her. He refuses to discuss José's mother with his son who has been burning to question him. The governess tells the young man that for his own sake he must disobey his father and return to America.

Side by side with the unfolding mystery there are aspects of racial and temperamental problems. The father is acquisitive, a man of action, deeply possessive, and on the surface beneficent. But his son wonders if his interest in the health and contentment

My Current Reading

Eva Le Gallienne, founder and director of The Civic Repertory Theatre of New York and later co-founder of The American Repertory Theatre, is also an accomplished actress, and has published an autobiography, "At 33."

THE MEDIEVAL MIND, *by Henry Osborn Taylor (Macmillan).*

THE COMMON READER, *by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace).*

A STUDY OF HISTORY, *by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford).*

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET, *by Fairfield Osborn (Little, Brown).*

HISTOIRE DU THÉATRE, *by Lucien Dubeck.*

THE GATHERING STORM, *by Winston Churchill (Houghton Mifflin).*

THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY, *by Aldous Huxley (Harper).*

CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE, *by Irving Stone (Doubleday).*

THE GREAT REHEARSAL, *by Carl Van Doren (Viking).*

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Dorothy Baker—"the artist and the stylist beneath the dramatist."

of the Indian peons who work on his plantations is due to native kindness or to the fact that contented and healthy workers can cut more sugar cane. His father, in turn, regards him as stubborn and indolent, a spoiled child fit only for a studio, a piano, and the acquaintance of artists and worthless amateurs. The young American in two weeks has solved to his own satisfaction all of the social problems which have plagued Mexico for generations. To him it is a country to be exploited for profit and filled with cheap labor which can somehow be trained to keep awake in the daytime. José's sister, alone, seems in tune with her surroundings, a true daughter of Mexico; gay, colorful, resilient, she will endure untouched whatever befalls.

When the climax arrives, to turn this brooding novel with its overtones of apprehension and suspense into stark melodrama, it finds the reader unaware of the cause of the storm, like a sudden hurricane blowing out of an almost cloudless sky. By that time, the pleasure of reading fine prose, of following thoughts that need not be expressed in words, and silences that are illuminated by the art of suggestion, have so captured the audience that the final hair-raising curtain seems almost an anti-climax. Something had to happen; and when it does, there is a feeling of relief when the curtain rings down. But for one, this reader would have taken pleasure in "Our Gifted Son" if there had been no mystery, no death, and no melodrama. The luxuriant scenes in which the story is played, the sharply revealed characters, the quality of the prose, would have been enough to satisfy him. When will some writer, as talented as Dorothy Baker, decide that there is more to life today, and to people living together, than the reflection of the violence that surrounds us?

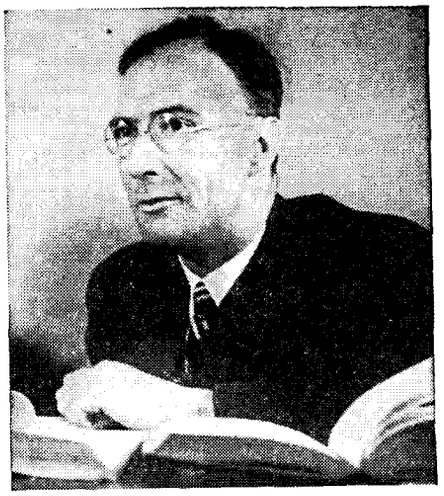
Chief of the Congo

THE SKY AND THE FOREST. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 313 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

C. S. FORESTER returns, with this story, to a locale he has used in an earlier novel, "The African Queen." One can therefore expect that he will write of the forests and rivers of Central Africa with some intimacy and knowledge. And, knowing him as a writer who has already gained wide popularity and acclaim as a spinner of stories, one can also expect that his people and their adventures will make absorbing reading. That much is true: the tale of an African chieftain runs along its course as smoothly and powerfully as the Twentieth Century Limited train making its way to Chicago.

But I cannot help thinking that in "The Sky and the Forest" we have something more than a solid and exciting adventure yarn, although certainly it is at least that. For there is in it a truly serious note which seldom gives way. It is as though Mr. Forester had received to pack his unusual incidents with an extra layer of meaning—and, although a comparison with Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" would find this work somewhat wanting, there is much the same sort of serious, brooding, almost poetic intent. Actually Mr. Forester, in this work, has something to say about man: he's concerned with the representation of such qualities as human dignity and fortitude, and he also speaks of his vanities, his weaknesses, his cruelties (beyond the point where sadism begins), and of his capacities



C. S. Forester—"a fine solemn mood and imaginative understanding."

for love and tenderness. And all of these qualities he can find in the person of Loa, the African chieftain, primitive and naive as he is. And some of these qualities can also be found in his warrior son, Lanu, and in Musini, the first of his forty-odd wives.

The time, though not expressly stated, is the early and middle part of the nineteenth century, when the slave trade reached its peak and entered its decline, when the mysteries of the steaming central reaches of Africa were being opened up by the arabs and the Europeans. The part of the forest, near the river bank, which Loa and his townspeople inhabited is presumably what is now the Belgian Congo.

Loa, due to the impenetrable nature of the forest, had to confine his God-like powers to a highly limited area and to a tiny population. To himself and to his subjects he was both God and man, the brother of the forest

Dramatic Personae

By David Morton

THE STINGING sweetness of the austere line,
The hard-compacted honey in the verse,—
These are the pure and strict, the strong and fine
Last concentrate and essence that rehearse,

In little forms, upon the printed page,
The fateful drama that had claimed its own
Before the actors left the gusty stage,
And left this extract of the flesh and bone.

Here, the abstracted, the projected play:
The sound of joy, the taste of love, and, last,
The chill despairing terror of the day
The shadow fell. . . . The larger play is past:

The woman, and the man, the storm—whereof
The little mouths are speaking, crying love.

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and of the sky. The sun was also his brother, and the moon his sister, a wayward sister whom he had to call at monthly intervals through some special rites in order for her to continue shedding her radiance every night.

Loa and the townspeople practised cannibalism—a matter of virtual necessity. Meat of any kind was scarce and human meat was the most delectable of all, especially after having been well fed and fattened. The dangerous pygmies of the forest provided it most frequently and there were ceremonial occasions when one of the townspeople was selected to join the spirit of Loa's father, helpfully providing a meal for some of the living at the same time.

But, on the whole, they lived rather peacefully and indolently, practising the ways of their forebears until the Arabs came with their guns and hippopotamus-hide whips, seeking slaves and stores of ivory. And it is then that Loa, after his capture and during the long trek towards death or slavery, first begins to question his God-like nature.

His escape is managed by Lanu and Musini, but by that time they are hundreds of miles from their pillaged home, and hopelessly lost in the forest, through which they must make their way back. The journey took many months to accomplish and their conquest of the forest takes on an almost epic quality in Forester's hands. By the time of their return Loa's mind has made what would seem to be a sort of evolutionary leap. For the first time he had utilized his unconscious resources, and his new and strange experiences had added to his knowledge and wisdom. Even that limited contact with the "culture" of the Arabs served as a prod, and other black peoples encountered during the dangerous journey had shown him ways different from his own. Loa, also, became quite conscious of his human limitations and, although not fully aware of the changes that had taken place in him, proceeded to exchange some of his supernatural omnipotence for temporal and earthly power, extending his sway over a considerable area of the forest, until his name became legendary and even reached to the white conquerors. Thus he eventually fell, one of the last of the great African chieftains.

There is a fine, solemn mood to the telling of all this. And it becomes hard to understand how research and travel alone could provide the knowledge which convinces the reader so thoroughly of the reality of what is being told. It has required imaginative understanding of a high degree to write so literate and engrossing a book.

Reference Works:
A Year's Harvest

THERE is probably no category of books into which so much erudition, so much labor, so much painstaking conscientiousness are poured with so little resultant fanfare for the author as into reference volumes. The lay public is apt to take them for granted; they are there on the shelf when the need for specific information arises, and—as with so many of the good things of life—of the multitudes who consult them few pause to render homage to the learning and the effort that have gone into their making. A good reference book is a herculean labor, involving endless

hours of exploration in already existent manuals, multitudinous checking of items, knowledge broad enough to know where to suspect pitfalls, patience sufficient to trace a single word or name or statement of fact through dozens of source books, the energy to write to scholars where a question of correctness is at issue, the good judgment to know what to discard and what to include in the manual. Like Caesar's wife, the reference book must be above suspicion. By its virtues you will know it. It is their correctness as much as their content that have made such books as Bartlett's or Brewer's or Baedeker's preminent in their field, and it is the irony of fate that here where the authors' names are household words they should have lost their significance as representing the individual in having become generic for books of their type. The field of the reference book has been enormously expanded in recent years, in direct relation of course, to the spread of popular knowledge and the constantly increasing need of reference guides as new sciences and old arts come into public interest. How widely swung and numerous are the reference works of the present the grist of a single year as exemplified in the lists which follow will amply attest.

AMY LOVEMAN.

Dictionaries: English

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY. Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. New York: Random House. 1947. 1,432 pp. $5. Published in December 1947, this newcomer to the desk dictionary field has already won wide acceptance. For a discussion of its merits, and a comparison with other standard desk dictionaries, see "ACD: Contender for Cinderella Seller's Crown" by Carleton F. Wells [*SRL*, Jan. 24, 1948.]

WEBSTER'S APPROVED DICTIONARY. Edited by Joseph Devlin. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 1948. 1,287 pp. $2. A new edition of an inexpensive, serviceable dictionary.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: SUPPLEMENT TWO. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 800 pp. $7.50. Reviewed in *SRL*, April 3, 1948.

Dictionaries: Foreign Language

GERMAN-ENGLISH, ENGLISH-GERMAN, DICTIONARY OF EVERYDAY USAGE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 873 pp. $4. The first of a group of dictionaries growing out of the American Linguistic Society's work with languages for the armed services.

LANGUAGE THROUGH PICTURES. By George and Louise Pfeiffer. New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 1948. 276 pp. $2.50. Attempts to teach Spanish and French through the medium of nearly 3,000 line drawings. Intended for the traveler who has some or no knowledge of either language, the student, or the more accomplished linguist who wants to increase his vocabulary.

COLLOQUIAL GERMAN. By P. F. Doring. Forest Hills, N. Y.: Transatlantic Arts. 1948. 224 pp. $1.50.

COLLOQUIAL ITALIAN. By Arthur L. Hayward. Forest Hills, N. Y.: Transatlantic Arts. 1948. 142 pp. $1.50. These books are designed to help beginners teach themselves.

SPANISH AND GERMAN DICTIONARY. Edited by Rudolf J. Slaby and Rudolf Grossman. New York: Frederick Ungar. 1948. The first volume, Spanish-German, has 740 pages and is priced $7; the second volume, German-Spanish, has 1,316 pages and is priced at $11.

DUTCH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-DUTCH DICTIONARY. Edited by F. P. Van Wely Prick. New York: Dover Publications. 1947. 1,248 pp. $6.50. The seventeenth revised edition of a standard work.

ESPERANTO. Compiled by George Alan Connor, Doris Tappan Connor, Wilhelm Solzbacher, and J. B. Se-Tsien. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1948. 245 pp. $3. Besides providing English-Esperanto and Esperanto-English dictionaries, this volume contains a discussion of world languages, an Esperanto reader, etc.

Encyclopedias: General

THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by J. Morris Jones and others. Chicago: The Quarrie Corp. 1947. 19 vols. Two bindings, $120 and $102 the set. Reviewed on page 20 of this issue.

THE NEW MODERN ENCYCLOPEDIA. New York: William H. Wise. 1947. 1,949 pp. $5. A new revision of a useful desk encyclopedia.

Encyclopedias: Special

TEN EVENTFUL YEARS. Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc. 1948. 4 vols. 3,456 pp. $39.90. A record, topically arranged, of world events, 1937 through 1946. With maps and many illustrations.

THE VICTOR BOOK OF CONCERTOS. By Abraham Veinus. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1948. 450 pp. $3.95. An excellent standard guide to music on records. Reviewed in *SRL*, Aug. 7, 1948.

THE RECORD BOOK. By David Hall. New York:

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er Durrell, Inc. 1948. 1,394 pp. $7.50. Another fine standard guide. Reviewed in *SRL*, ... 7, 1948.

...OPHONE SHOP ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RECORDED MUSIC. New York: Crown Publishers. 1948. 651 pp. $5. A new edition of a standard and highly regarded listing of recorded music. Brings data up to January 1948.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTS. By Frank G. Menke. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1947. 1,020 pp. $5. A big volume of data and chronology for fans of every sport. The only work of its kind.

THE FARMER'S HANDBOOK. By John M. White. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1948. 456 pp. $4.95. A highly useful encyclopedia of information for the farmer, livestock raiser, and gardener.

SANDERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING. By Thomas W. Sanders. Revised by A. J. Macself. Forest Hills, N. Y.: Transatlantic Arts. 1947. 493 pp. $4.50. This new edition contains data about British horticulture as well as American.

WILD FLOWER GUIDE: NORTHEASTERN AND MIDLAND UNITED STATES. By Edgar T. Wherry. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 202 pp. $3. An excellent volume, well illustrated and authoritative.

Atlases

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA WORLD ATLAS. Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc. 1947. 590 pp. $25. A collection of physical and political maps, with a gazeteer, fine index, and summaries of geographical data.

NEW STANDARD WORLD ATLAS. Chicago: Wilcox & Follett. 1948. 96 pp. Two editions, $1.98 and $2.98. Detailed maps of all parts of the world and a descriptive gazetteer. Some of the maps are in color.

HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Ralph Hall Brown. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 32 pp. plus maps. $7.50. A useful collection of maps to illustrate the historical development of the United States from Columbus to Truman.

HAMMOND'S COLLEGIATE ATLAS. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. 1947. 80 pp. $1.50. A collection of maps of the world with a brief descriptive geography of the various countries.

Biographies

THE ASCAP BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF COMPOSERS, AUTHORS, AND PUBLISHERS. Edited by Daniel I. McNamara. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 484 pp. $5. The selection of subjects is somewhat capricious, but it is the only work in its field.

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE. Edited by John Parker. New York: Pitman Publishing Co. 1947. 2,014 pp. $15. The latest edition of a British work which lists many American figures.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. Chicago: A. N. Marquis Co. 1948. 2,975 pp. $13.60. The 1948-1949 edition of the standard biographical work of notable living Americans.

WHO'S WHO IN THE EAST. Chicago: A. N. Marquis Co. 1948. 1,824 pp. $15.25. Contains biographies of more than 27,000 prominent persons living in the Eastern United States.

CURRENT BIOGRAPHY: 1947. Edited by Anna H. Rothe and Constance Ellis. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 1948. 760 pp. $4. An annual compilation of sketches of men and women currently in the news.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO. Grosse Point, Mich.: Walter Romig. 1948. 515 pp. $6.50. A listing of prominent American Roman Catholics, clergymen, and laymen.

WHO'S WHO. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 3,134 pp. $19. This edition, dated 1947, is the ninety-ninth annual issue of the standard biographical dictionary of living Britons. Prominent men and women from other nations are also listed.

Political

THE STATESMANS YEARBOOK. Edited by S. H. Steinberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 1,466 pp. $7.50. The eighty-fourth annual issue of a volume which gives statistics on the governments, military and internal affairs, and geography of every nation.

YEARBOOK OF THE UNITED NATIONS. New York: Columbia University Press. 1947. 1,025 pp. $10. Summarizes the activities of the United Nations from its inception to July 1, 1947.

THE BOOK OF THE STATES. Chicago: Council of the State Governments. 1948. 791 pp. $7.50. The seventh edition of a work listing copious data about the governments of the forty-eight states.

CHINA HANDBOOK. Compiled by Chinese Ministry of Information. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 878 pp. $6. A survey of developments in China, 1937 through 1946, with a Who's Who listing of prominent Chinese.

Yearbooks: General

WORLD ALMANAC AND BOOK OF FACTS. Edited by E. Eastman Irvine. New York: New York World-Telegram. 1948. 812 pp. $1. The sixty-third annual issue of a standard omnibus of facts, from politics to sports.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC FOR 1948. Edited by John Kieran. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 960 pp. $2. Covers much the same ground as the "World Almanac" although the treatment tends to be by means of articles rather than by tables of statistics.

THE AMERICANA ANNUAL FOR 1948. Edited by A. H. McDannald. New York: Americana Corp. 1948. 809 pp. $10. An encyclopedia-type reference work for the year 1947.

1948 BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR. Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc. 1948. 863 pp. $10. Covers the calendar year 1947.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. Edited by William M. Schuyler. New York: Thomas Nelson & Co. 1948. 1,148 pp. $15. A survey of the year 1947 in the United States, with emphasis on politics, economics, social conditions, science, and the arts.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE DECADE, 1936-1945. By Asa Don Dickinson. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 1948. 295 pp. $3. Fourth in a series of American listings of best books. For a discussion, see "Hasten the Day" by Amy Loveman, *SRL*, Aug. 7, 1948.

GOOD READING: Edited by the Committee on College Reading. New York: Penguin Books, Inc. 1947. 211 pp. 35¢. An excellent guide to the world's best books. Reviewed in *SRL* Feb. 7, 1948.

RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Knowledge for All

THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by J. Morris Jones and others. Chicago: The Quarrie Corporation. 1947. 19 *volumes. Two bindings,* $120 *and* $102 *the set.*

IF YOU have children of elementary or high-school age and are looking for an encyclopedia to appease their curiosity during the hours they spend under the parental roof, don't let a casual examination of "The World Book Encyclopedia" deceive you. It is eminently well-suited for children to be sure. The nineteen volumes are brightly and ruggedly bound; each is slender and light enough to be handled easily. The heavy, coated paper will withstand a lot of rough handling from small, smudgy hands. The type is large and attractive. The articles are written in short, lucid sentences. Profuse use is made of what members of pedagogical circles are wont to call "visual aids"; articles are illuminated by photographs, old prints, diagrams, and charts especially prepared to make a mass of facts or a complicated process more readily understandable. In compiling this encyclopedia, the editors benefited from the advice of a large group of leading educators. One whole volume provides "study helps" for teachers.

But if you linger over "The World Book Encyclopedia" a bit, you will discover that the publishers intended their work not just for children, but for the entire family. Of the more than 1,000 contributors of articles, many are distinguished authorities on the subjects about which they are writing; for example, Emily Post is the author of the article on "etiquette," Frank Luther Mott writes on "newspapers," and Vihjalmur Stefansson discusses "polar expeditions." Many of the topics—"blood pressure," "character education," and "lawns; their preparation and care," to cite three obvious examples — were included expressly for adults. The large maps of states and principal countries, which would do credit to a commercial atlas, as well as the full-color plates, are likely to fascinate grown-ups and children.

R. W., JR.

"I have an irresistible impulse to vote for Wallace."

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Belles-Lettres. *The appearance of a memoir of Tolstoy by the original "Natasha" of his "War and Peace" (reviewed below) is a literary event. That striking combination of realistic detail with exalted, even mystical moodiness that we know as Russian could have arisen only from a profound conflict between the environment of the East and the culture of the West. Both Tolstoy and Dostojevsky hated the West, yet both were deely affected by its culture. Turgenev, on the other hand, was a professed "westernizer." Yet these great artists were as genuinely Russian as a tone poem by Mussorgsky. . . . The contemporary writing of Russia, virtually unknown to us, has now been cut off by the Soviets from Western influences. Can they produce another great literature in isolation from the outside world?*

Leo Nikolayevich in Carpet Slippers

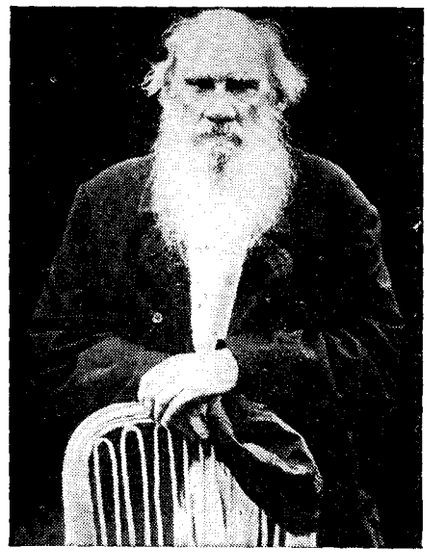
TOLSTOY AS I KNEW HIM: My Life at Home and at Yasnaya Polyana. By Tatyana A. Kuzminskaya. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 439 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM SOSKIN

THE artist in his carpet slippers, caught by the candid camera in the bosom of his family, often provides a more telling portrait than any to be found in volumes of criticism of his life and works. There is something of a healthy catarsis in the family's matter-of-fact attitude toward the artist in their midst, a perspective more revealing than that of the literary salon or lecture platform. To Jane Austen's family, to cite an almost too familiar example, Jane's literary pursuits, politely ironic and graciously humorous though they may have been, had a faintly vulgar complexion. And many a celebrated lady novelist or important avant garde poet is regarded in the wholesome environment of the family reunion as that peculiar Aunt Hildegarde or that liverish problem child, cousin Percy. Even the most naturalistic of artists who see people clearly and in sensible focus, are often touched with this strange chemistry that makes them alien in their own solid homesteads. And it is this sense of the restless, somehow maladjusted man striving to fit his life into a peaceful pattern of domesticity that emerges from the diary of Tatyana Kuzminskaya, Count Leo Tolstoy's young sister-in-law, now published in English translation for the first time.

Tatyana, youngest daughter of the Bers family, seems the most innocently dealt with of the three sisters. Liza, the oldest daughter, thought Tolstoy would marry her—and spent years in the lady-like Victorian process known as pining away. Sonya became Tolstoy's wife and knew the apparent ecstacy as well as the bitter disillusion and emotional agony of that famous marriage. Tatyana, companionate darling of Tolstoy's eyes, won immortality as the model for his heroine of "War and Peace," Natasha Rostova. Tanya, as Tolstoy called her, died in Moscow in 1925. The memoirs covered the period of her adolescence, her first romantic rhapsodies, and the maturity that came out of her infatuation with Tolstoy's brother, Sergey, who, it turned out, had three children by a common-law gypsy wife with whom he had been living for fifteen years. More important, the memoirs also cover the period in which Tolstoy was composing "War and Peace."

The conventional biographical conception of Tolstoy is of a genius who combined creative fire and wild joy on his farm and with his family in the early years; who knew a purgatory of moral conflict and struggle; who emerged finally into a social Christian fanaticism which destroyed his own and his family's happiness. Such religious phenomena do not happen quite so suddenly or violently, however, in a man of Tolstoy's stature. And it is plain to see that his family life, as Tanya's diary suggests it, is generously sown with the seeds of moral restlessness. He is a lovable Leo Nikolayevich, shaking with anxiety lest he has hurt the sensibilities of his darling Sonya, shouting and singing and filling the Bers household with his dynamic spirit, reveling in the growth and rich opulence of the Russian countryside, playing at farming with an atavistic passion. But he is also the artist taunted by his own ego, his vanity, his jealousy, and his temper. The specter of disillusion and melancholy haunts the tranquil hearth where his loved ones gather.



Leo Tolstoy: "We first of all must discriminate between good and evil."

"It is awful to connect one's happiness with material conditions," he says. "Terrible nonsense! A wife, children, health, wealth! That madman was right. Maybe you could have it different, yet not thus."

Nevertheless, as anyone who knows "Anna Karenina" or "War and Peace" will realize, Tolstoy's feeling for family life, for the little tenderness and loyalties and crises of the home, is always sensitive and compassionate. His novels grew out of family stories and his characters out of people intimately observed. Whether he was pouring his unbounded energy into the writing and production of a parlor-play for the sisters and their friends, or supervising the making of butter or vodka, or guiding the heart of the gamin Tanya through the rapturous romances and child-like tragedies, or tramping the fields and woods with the elder Bers in an idyllic version of the hunt, the young Tolstoy lived fully. The family circle, gathered at the samovar, would talk of dreams, ghosts, gardens, muyhiks, beggars, dancers and balls, of horses and food and love affairs—and suddenly the voice of Tolstoy, a stranger at the banquet, would say:

> We first of all must discriminate between good and evil, and decide which side to take. But if you cannot evaluate these things, then don't be surprised that you are unhappy. One thing you can achieve in yourself—that is calmness and kindness which, unfortunately, I have little of. We never have control over our physical side; morally, however, we have full freedom always. But unfortunately a wall often separates people from the truth.

All this, the alternating delight and despair, the worship of his wife and infant and his sudden resentments and

(*Continued on page* 24)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Treason: an Ugly Word

IN these days when the heads of this country's Communist Party have been arrested for conspiring to destroy by force the Government of the United States, and when the conscience of liberal-minded men and women is awake to the danger in suppressing freedom of speech, Rebecca West's book of last year, "The Meaning of Treason," should be read and reread. Her study of the lives and court trials of England's wartime traitors, William Joyce, John Amery, and the rest of that pathetic gallery of fanatics, failures, and international criminals, is deeply significant at this moment when Fascism, which she calls infantilism, is replaced in our minds by a more menacing and more adult philosophy, International Communism, directed by Soviet Russia.

In unraveling the story of Joyce, British Fascist, she disclosed "the sickness that was rife among the obscure," the inflation of the sick ego that treachery, if it is based upon secret allegiance to alien ideas, can bring to men who have failed to convince their own world of their importance. That Fascism, and so Communism, makes a man able to be a traitor "to his country, his county, town, street, and family" was proved in Great Britain's case by the fact that it was the Fascist minority in England from which Germany obtained most of the traitors who served it. Though the life of liberty depends on civil order, the courts of law provided, as do our courts today, "considerable encouragement for the ambitious traitor who was willing to sabotage or destroy his own country." "If men are regarded as chessmen," she wrote, "who can but win or lose a game, they cannot be loved; they can only be assured of fair play within the rules of the game."

The United States is now scrutinizing the problem of treason, which the dictionary defines as "the violation of a subject of his allegiance to the state," on a far vaster scale than England, even in the midst of war. We are now aware through the experiences of other nations, if not as yet through our own, that there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Americans who would like to see the democratic system of the United States uprooted and destroyed. Treason is an ugly word which now lies heavily on the minds and conscience of all of us who believe in our Constitutional right to express our opinions, no matter how heretical they may be. Nevertheless, it should have been proved by this time to any thoughtful man that the Communist Party in other democratic nations, and quite certainly in our own, is allied to and directed by Soviet Russia with the aim of ending our political and economic institutions and substituting an alien dictatorship.

The Smith Act of 1941, under which the twelve men who head our Communist Party are accused of conspiring against the Government, has never before been applied against Communists. The indictment states that they are collectively "dedicated to the Marxist-Leninist principles of the overthrow and destruction of the United States Government . . . by force and violence," and, individually, "a society, group, and assembly of persons who teach and advocate" the same. Many of us honestly quail at these words. "Dedicated to a principle!" That has a fine ring to it, for do we not all hope that we are dedicated to principles? "Teach and advocate!" Why not? If a man honestly believes, no matter how deluded he may appear to the average American, that Soviet Russia has a better government than ours, why should he not advocate that form of social system and government for our own country? There is nothing in our Constitution to prevent it. The inquiring and liberal man, trying to find the way through this morass, trying to shut out from his mind fear and anger created by Soviet aggression in national life everywhere, should remember only these words, the "overthrow and destruction of the Government of the United States by force and violence."

In this country we are not as yet familiar with the significance of mass treachery. The patriots of our Revolution were not traitors; they were honest revolutionists who believed that the American colonies should be free; they did not threaten the form of government ruling Great Britain. In our Civil War the Southern states did not contemplate the conquest of the North, nor, if they had won what they believed was their right to secede, would they have ruled the entire country from Washington, or afflicted the free states with compulsory Negro slavery. What we are viewing now with alarm and quaking consciences is a new form of wholesale treason. The average conscientious American, however he weighs his scruples, can only say that if these accused Communists, and others like them, have been planning violence and sabotage, or have been consulting the will of foreign advisors on how the Government of the United States may be overthrown in a time of crisis or war, then they will be proven to his satisfaction to be traitors, subject to whatever punishment the law permits. Let them confine their activities to peacefully teaching and advocating, until such time when the majority of the citizens of the country votes a Communist dictatorship into power. The rest of us then will advocate its removal until we are expurgated, or cheerfully go underground to plot its fall.

H. S.

Diagnosis

By Marcia Lee Anderson

WE MULTIPLY diseases for delight,
Invent a horrid want, a shameful doubt,
Luxuriate in license, feed on night,
Make inward bedlam—and will not come out.
Why should we? Stripped of subtle complication,
Who could regard the sun except with fear?
This is our shelter against contemplation,
Our only refuge from the plain and clear.
Who would crawl out from under the obscure
To stand defenseless in the sunny air?
No terror of obliquity so sure
As the most shining terror of despair
To know how simple is our deepest need,
How sharp, and how impossible to feed.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bangling Jingles

SIR: I was so interested in your editorial "Bangling the Language," July 10, that I was moved to attempt an arrangement. I spent two or three hours in an air-conditioned bar. Herewith the sorry result of my efforts:

MISFARE OF A GAINLY THING

The jug-bitten taverner, lanken and sloomy
Totlers and keeks through his hostel roomy
He slorps his samely brew to felth
And gowls at the lack of clientele,
Berates himself for a jabbernowle,
A spuddling dumble, a bangling mole,
Reaved by slocksters, bereft of patrons,
Sans nappy fry or fluttersome matrons.
He kens the need to thrump and prog
His lobby, and resorts to grog,
He slorps his samely brew to felth
The smithers of his wartime wealth.

RICHARD A. PURSER.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: You have probably received many responses to your good piece, "Bangling the Language." You have probably also received numerous examples, better than the one below, of readers' efforts to plant the words in their vocabularies by incorporating them in verse.

FLINDERS WHILE STROMING

Forswat and forswunk at the end of the day,
I tolter off on my homeward way.
Feeling as sloomy as any one can,
I gowl at the smatters afflicting man.
I thrump the passersby in the street,
And they thrump me, and step on my feet.
The scroils and the bummels are constantly keeking,
The jug-bitten dumbles pass by reeking.

One man is lanken, the next is a chuff;
A few girls are gainly, but not enough.
Each spuddler I meet is more of a mome,
And I feel like a sumph by the time I reach home.

At any rate, I intend to try to do my bit to use some of these words, and get them back into our active vocabulary.

RACHEL BARD.

New York, N. Y.

Paradox

SIR: Query re your note on Graham Greene [*SRL* July 10]: How can one simultaneously be "misanthropic, *profoundly Christian,* disdainful of the common man. . . ."?

MILDRED B. MUNDAY.

Lynchburg, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We don't know. That's the talk going around.*

Fast Plea

SIR: I think your readers need to be told editorially that Howard Fast is under sentence to three months in jail—and why. The considerable likelihood is that he will go to prison in October.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You tell Adam Smith that I might accept this manuscript if he would put in a few amusing anecdotes here and there."

The facts behind his case are simple and clear:

Fast is a member of the executive board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee (JAFRC). For ten years this committee has been administering relief to the Republican refugees from Franco Spain who are in France and Mexico. It has supplied them with hospital beds, physicians, bandages, clothes, medicines. This is Fast's first crime, his most obnoxious crime.

The charitable work of the JAFRC has been executed abroad by the Unitarian Service Committee and the Quakers. The records of the JAFRC *have been regularly inspected and approved* by the U.S. Government agency that licenses the work of such relief organizations. This is Fast's second crime.

At this point it becomes necessary for your readers to know that the House Committee on Un-American Activities some time ago declared that opposition to the Franco Government was un-American and subversive. And that this committee then demanded by subpoena the books and records of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee.

Howard Fast, as one of a board of honorable American men and women, refused to hand over to this committee the names of thousands of other Americans who had contributed money to their medical aid fund. They did so in order to protect their donors from investigation, persecution, public calumny, and job blacklisting.

As anti-Fascists, the members of the JAFRC also refused to hand over to the declared friends of Franco the names of Spaniards in French camps who had received their aid, lest the names be transmitted through the Thomas Committee to the Spanish Embassy and the families of these men then be reached by Franco's executioners.

For these crimes, Fast and the other members of the board of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee were declared in contempt of Congress, tried in court, and convicted by a jury largely composed of Government employees. Now, their appeals denied, they are to go to prison. A final petition for judicial review has been granted them for the fall.

I think you need to urge your readers to reflect upon another fact. Fast, more than any other novelist in American literature, has tried book by book to sing a hymn of American democracy. Whether or not he has been successful can be left to the judgment of the reader. But certainly he has tried. And now, while he awaits execution of sentence, some fifteen men and women who spoke treason during the war over the Italian, Japanese, and German radios, are walking the streets at liberty. *They* have not been investigated by the Un-American Activities Committee or charged with any crimes by the Department of Justice, not even contempt of Congress.

I believe further that you need to call upon your readers to honor Howard Fast for his alleged crimes.

I believe you need also to call upon the leading literary men and women in America, calling upon them publicly by name—Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Pearl Buck, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck, Louis Bromfield, Robert Sherwood, Carl Van Doren, Bernard De Voto, John Marquand, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Eugene O'Neill—and many others I will not set down here. I think you must ask them to interrupt their work and their lives in order to speak out on this issue, to agitate and split the sky with their indignation. And I believe deeply that you must insist that if they remain silent then they will be abdicating their moral responsibility.

ALBERT MALTZ.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page 21*)

jealousies, his poetic exaltation of the family and the land and his self-reproach at his "bourgeois happiness" are a reflection of his inner struggle between realism and God. The first fifteen years of his marriage brought him fame and money and thirteen children; but it also brought him the realization that the family must be the victim of the changing times. Russia seethed with many social crises, and the seething in Tolstoy's heart is evident even in the blithe, wistful, bubbly pages of little Tanya's diary. She tells us of the delight with which they listened to Leo nervously reading aloud the first sections of "War and Peace." She does not tell us of the sense of guilt which tinctured those pages, and which hovered over the household.

Some of the Answers

ON BEING AN AUTHOR. By Vera Brittain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 218 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

ANY honest book by a successful writer should inevitably be of some help to those who are determined to learn to put words on paper so chosen and arranged as to arouse the interest of other members of the human race, and Miss Brittain's, as might be expected, is an honest book. Hers is a sound intelligence and a sensitive spirit, and the solid accomplishment of her two best books, the autobiographical "Testament of Youth" and the biographical "Testament of Friendship," lend authority to what she has to say on an inexhaustible subject.

Her small book, called "On Becoming a Writer in England," is made considerably more useful here by the editing of Dr. George Savage of the English Department of the University of Washington, who has given it the necessary American touches, and who introduces it in terms that seem somewhat extravagant in the light of its actual accomplishment. His stress is on Miss Brittain's frankness, which is not really so surprising as to cause excitement; many good writers have been frank about their careers, as why should they not be?

This is not really a "manual for writers," as its blurb asserts, since it is a very personal book, which gives it its value. The author does not pretend to know all the answers, or even very many of them, outside the fields she herself has cultivated: journalism, the novel, and the personal narrative. The truth is that no one person can cover all the branches of writing, even cursorily, unless he be either a hack without a conscience or a racketeer.

Speaking for herself, Miss Brittain confesses that she could not have been anything else except a writer. She declares that no matter how difficult it is to learn to write, as difficult for most people as to learn to play the piano or to paint well, the writer has the advantage of being able to rid himself of his sufferings by writing about his troubles, besides, if he is fortunate, winning fame and fortune.

As for how much can be taught about writing, she gives the only decent answer there is: people with talent may be helped to learn to write, people without talent cannot. Her recipe for handling the awful task of disposing of unsolicited manuscripts, which haunts us all in this business, is to tell the truth, a drastic prescription, but the only serviceable one.

Dr. Savage adds a good deal of information about American prizes, fellowships, and other aids to writers, but neither his bibliography nor Miss Brittain's is selective or annotated, and therefore both are far less useful than they might have been. Bookshops are piled high with books on writing, most of them worthless, or worse, and a service might have been rendered by saying so, and listing the few good ones, with a line or so of description.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THIS INWARD HORROR *J. Russell Warren* (Dutton: $2.75)	Nice young English architect wakes up, injured, in ditch and finds, soon enough, that he's in somebody else's body. Ructions follow.	Murder, robbery, English underworld life, and misplaced soul's efforts to make itself known portrayed in absorbing detail, if not convincingly.	Readable fantasy
SAVE A ROPE *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Discovery of female bones (minus skull) near English tarn interests many people, including Dr. Reggie Fortune, who enlightens local cop.	Don't mind plethora of idle chatter—it all ties in. Mr. Fortune is himself throughout, and tale has plenty of high spots.	High class Bailey
SHADOW OF FU MANCHU *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fu Manchu, masquerading in N. Y. as psychiatrist, crosses swords again with Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard in sequence of startling situations.	Best line in book, for Fu devotees, is, "He has slipped through our fingers." Others may take oriental deviltries in stride.	Mixture as before
THE CASE OF THE VAGABOND VIRGIN *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Troubles of irascible executive with beautiful blonde "vagrant" progress through blackmail to murder and some stylish sleuthing.	Slight let-down at finish compensated by extra-speedy action, sinuous plotting, and dope on racket which male motorists may ponder.	Standard brand
UNEASY STREET *Wade Miller* (Farrar, Straus: $2.50)	Blunt Calif. shamus Max Thursday walks smack into client's murder—and others, before secret of antique music box is revealed.	Forthright, streamlined detecting; incessant action from start to end; neat puzzle, and much lively wit-matching by Thursday and girl.	Brisk and rugged
THE LONG ESCAPE *David Dodge* (Random House: $2.50)	Private investigator Colbee traces long missing Pasadenan from Mexico City to Chile, energetically dodging death en route.	Plenty of punch and color—latter due to gal called Idaho—frequent fisticuffs and fire-fights and logical, although anticlimactic, finish.	Better grade
THE LINKS IN THE CHAIN *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Perplexing English crime-carnival, featuring safe-lifting, drug-stealing, and murder, stopped by Supt. Waghorn with assist from Dr. Priestley.	Usual careful plotting, plodding but interesting detective work, variety of honestly portrayed characters, and helpful hints from Dr. P.	Satisfactorily solid

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THE FINE ARTS

REPORT ON PARIS

DURING the winter of 1946-47, the Whitney Museum of American Art held an exhibition of paintings by the new generation of French artists. The show had been selected in Paris by a committee, and it was occasionally condemned as giving an inadequate report on what had been produced by younger French painters during the war period. I had this exhibition very much in mind while visiting Paris this summer. Indeed, the show was difficult to forget, since the artists and dealers who had been excluded from it were quick to say why, and not always in the elegant phrases of the Versailles court. Yet after four weeks in the Paris galleries, I came to the conclusion that the Whitney exhibition had supplied a pretty fair idea of what the new school of Paris is like—neither conspicuously better nor worse than at the Whitney.

I think of one or two exceptions to this statement, chief among them being the fact that the Whitney show contained no work by Balthus, perhaps the most decisive artistic personality to have emerged in Paris just before the war. Balthus's strength is even more apparent today, for he has resisted completely the tendency of his contemporaries to eat their Matisse and have their Picasso too. Balthus has always run counter to fashion. Thus in seeking a more mature technique, he chose to emulate André Derain; he did this at precisely the moment when the latter's place in modern art's high consulate (with Matisse and Picasso) was becoming glaringly insecure. Moreover, Baltus found his central inspiration in Gustave Courbet, whose mid - nineteenth - century doctrine of realism—"art in painting should consist only in the representation of objects that the artist can see and touch"—was anathema to the surrealists and other advanced painters of the 1920's and 1930's.

Balthus flew still more directly in the face of modern esthetic dogma by declaring: "I wish to do surrealism 'after' Courbet." His statement seemed absurd to a number of critics, for how could one reconcile Courbet's faith in "objects that the artist can see and touch" with surrealism's exploration of the subconscious mind, intangible and mainly unseen? But Balthus had understood that Courbet's art was sometimes replete with psychological tensions that the swaggering, dropsical realist would have been the last to recognize as such. He had presumably looked at Courbet's extraordinary portrait of the Socialist P.-J. Proudhon and his family (see cut). In the awkward intensity of Proudhon's children, enclosed in their separate world of reverie and play, Balthus must have found a sympathetic model for his own angular depiction of adolescence's ecstasies, secrets, and gloom. The affinity is stylistic as well as emotional. In fact we may easily imagine that the Courbet infant with a pitcher has grown into the young girl who reads on the floor in the foreground of Balthus's painting "Le Salon." Yet Balthus's originality of vision is so decided that it seems only heightened by comparisons of this kind.

The children in Balthus's picture first appeared in one of a series of drawings he made to illustrate "Wuthering Heights" (like Charles Demuth's illustrations for "The Turn of the Screw," the drawings were not intended for publication, but as private interpretations of a revered literary work). It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Emily Brontë's novel has been a mainspring of Balthus's imaginative life. The painter's own personality has Heathcliffian elements; his respect for the macabre vein in English literature has been immense. And at this point, perhaps, we can discover another reason for Balthus's vigor in relation to the current Parisian art scene—his capacity to nourish his expression on alien sources.

The French pictorial tradition has been powerful for so long, that we tend to forget how consistently it has been revitalized by other cultures. The sixteenth- century Fontainebleau mannerists outgrowing their provincialism through contact with Italian artists, Poussin raptly heeding the mythological echoes of Rome, David and Ingres exclaiming amid the monuments of Mediterranean antiquity. Watteau and the romantics looking north to Rubens a hundred years apart, Delacroix and the impressionists revaluing the English landscapist Constable, the post-impressionists excitedly collecting the prints of Japan —these all were signs of a chronic need for foreign excursion, in thought or fact, to keep the French stock hardy and fresh. The leading artists earlier in our own century journeyed spiritually even farther afield—to Africa and the South Pacific, to the Far East, to the Sumerian realm and Macedonia, to the quite denationalized territory wherein are created the images of children, primitives, and the insane.

Perhaps it is unfair to say so on the basis of a month's survey, but it seems to me that the present generation in French art, on the contrary, is imprisoned in its parental home, that the new school of Paris's great weakness is that it has become too Parisian. The school includes many gifted artists. Yet I cannot think of one whose work has the unmistakable

Portrait of P.-J. Proudhon by Gustave Courbet.

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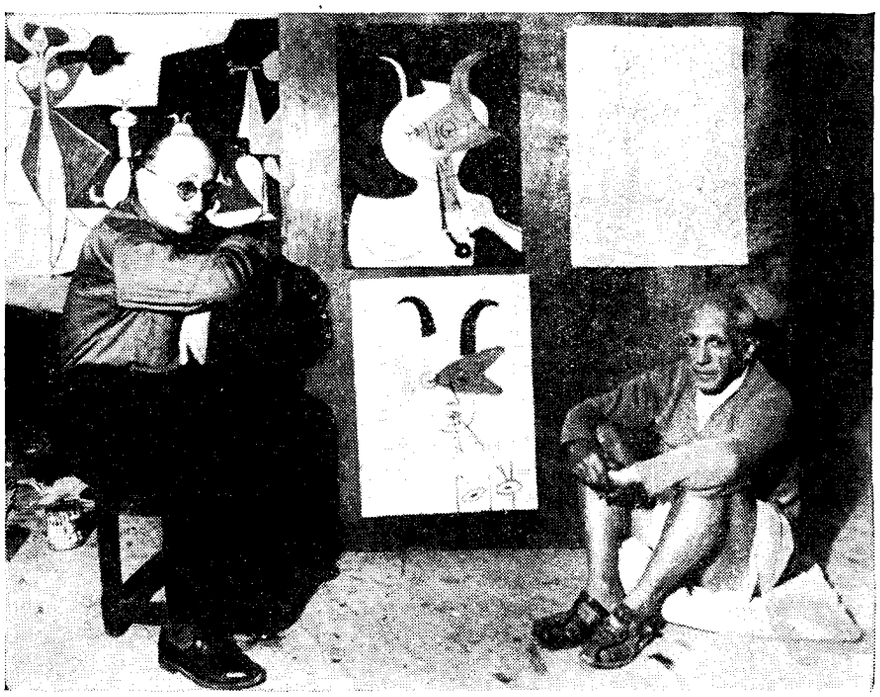
character of a Balthus, a Miro, a Tanguy, a Giacometti. The newer painters seem to produce isolated pictures rather than to expand a recognizably settled style. Among these pictures, from time to time, are images of astonishing brilliance or even of impressive emotional depth. But the spectator seldom carries away from the current exhibitions an impression of totality; he remembers spasms of talent instead of the convulsion of will and longing which has rent the man and produced the artist. The situation is aggravated, I think, by a certain semi-official eagerness to assert and prove a continuing vitality in the Paris school. No nation's art moves easily forward under too many banners, and culture itself can become a dictatorship if it falls into the habit of daily ceremonial robes.

A far more serious handicap to the young in France is the unsettled economic condition of that country. Before the war, the Left Bank was a place where artists managed *not* to starve on starvation funds, with tragic exceptions. Given today's inflated franc, any sort of workable Bohemia is virtually impossible, and many of the younger artists work at their profession only in their spare time, supporting themselves as bakers, clerks, and so on. The price of pictures by unestablished painters has gone up, of course, but not in full relation to such essentials as food, clothing, and shelter. The reason is simple: the poor will pay inflationary prices for what they need, the rich for what they crave. In neither case does the unheralded work of art qualify for many people, and the Paris market is not active, except for occasional speculative runs on the art of a few men.

"Why," I was asked by a number of Paris dealers, "does not America do something to help us promote the young generation?" I frankly do not see that we have a duty in this matter unless we can believe in this generation's talents, as I thus far cannot. Nevertheless, it is still too early to judge fairly what the postwar art of France will be like, and certainly we should not expect a new crop of masters every ten years. We must wait a little, I think, until the present eclectic confusion has settled. Meanwhile there is Paris itself, more beautiful than ever. If I felt there an uneasy disappointment beneath a great admiration for this magnificent city and its people, it may have been for the reason that Gertrude Stein once gave: "Paris is never quite itself unless painting is its subject." By this she meant new and authoritative painting, and that kind of painting is not the subject of Paris just now.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Genius Sans Gossip



—*Photograph by Sima from the book "Picasso à Antibes," published by René Drouin, Paris.*

Sabartés and Picasso . . . "punctuation marks are the loincloth concealing the pudenda of literature."

PICASSO, An Intimate Portrait. By Jaime Sabartés. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1948. 230 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JOHN REWALD

JAIME SABARTÉS emerges from this book as a pleasant and modest companion, intelligent and sensitive, an amiable fellow always nice to have around. It seems easy to understand that Picasso should value his presence and find in his self-effacing devotion a certain support and a stable element in his apparently erratic but at times also quite indolent life. But while Sabartés traces — unintentionally, it must be emphasized — a sympathetic likeness of himself, he fails strangely to give us that "intimate portrait" of his celebrated friend which one should have expected from one who knew the painter in his early years and who, since 1935, has seen him almost daily.

There are several reasons for this failure. First, Sabartés has limited himself strictly to what he saw and heard; or would it be more correct to say: to what particularly struck him? This accounts for an incompleteness and onesidedness that appears at times incomprehensible. There is, for example, not a single mention of Picasso's mural "Guernica," although it was executed while Sabartés acted as the painter's secretary. Second, Sabartés has systematically refrained from any allusions to his friend's sentimental life, although Dora Maar's role, for instance, is attested by numerous paintings, and he would not have violated any secret had he supplied his readers with some dates and facts. Such information, after all, is not necessarily gossip. Third, Sabartés has built his text around the portraits which Picasso drew and painted of him, and these are by no means among the painter's most important works. But fourth, and this is the most decisive factor, Sabartés worships Picasso with a naive tenderness that sees in his least gestures a deep significance, if not a manifestation of genius.

It is difficult to share Sabartés's emotion when he relates how in 1901 Picasso came to the station in Paris to meet him upon his arrival from Spain. Sabartés was surprised to find the painter there at 10 A.M., well knowing that he usually got up much later, and he reports the event:

> "Why did you get up so early?"
> "To come to meet you."
> Perhaps I was expecting some banality, but his only reply, which left me stupefied, was the simple truth: "To come to meet you."

There is indeed very little among Sabartés's direct quotations of Picasso that sounds interesting or particularly original, unless one considers important such utterances as "punctuation marks are the loincloth concealing the pudenda of literature." The reader

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may actually wonder whether the painter, during his many years of association with the author, has ever said or written anything more revealing than what Sabartés quotes. If it were not obvious that Sabartés has a very perceptive mind and is able both to observe things well and to transcribe his observations poetically, one might be tempted to conclude that most of what Picasso had to say escaped his "Boswell."

In his eagerness to enlarge Picasso's stature, Sabartés occasionally leaves his territory of chronicler and ventures into explanations which are far from convincing. Thus he declares that "before Picasso, the artist aspired to be a photographer in the absence of a camera," or that, when the impressionist paints, "it is as if he were doing so only in order to demonstrate his theory."

Yet, in spite of all these shortcomings, Sabartés's book has a very pleasant flavor and is by no means dull. There are many facts about Picasso's early years in Spain, rather confusingly narrated but neatly assembled in a useful chronological summary at the end. There is a profusion of details on Picasso's daily life, there is an interesting chapter on a book planned by the painter, and there are also some conversations on portraiture and some remarks on esthetics.

With publications on Picasso increasing almost by the hour, probably nobody will attempt to approach the painter through this book alone. There is no denying that it supplements the existing literature with some sensitive pages, several new aspects of the man, and a certain amount of trivia reverently recorded.

Kite-Weather

By Helen Curry

IN this kite-weather I let fly
my long and fluid hair;
at bottom of the children's day
the ground was green fire;
and when a small boy called me:
"Long legs!" and "Wild witch!"
and "No shape what-so-ever!"
I knew I carried flame
(silver that had no name).

O, all the trees were bleeding
unthinkable gold light;
the wind was like blue liquor
poured at the night!

I did not mind the grown men
nor take my kite down,
but flew it for the silvered boys:
long and gold-brown.

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Panorama of Oriental Beauty

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS OF CHINA'S ART. By Dagny Carter. New York: Ronald Press. 1948. 368 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES FABENS KELLEY

FOR the past two or three years, the oriental departments of American museums have been thronged with visitors whereas formerly only the well-informed or ultra-curious few were wont to stroll there. Servicemen returning with their trophies from the Asiatic theatre; families and friends who remember that they own something Chinese which might be very old and therefore undoubtedly valuable, are manifesting an awareness of China that, except for the days of the active Salem tea trade 100 years ago, is new indeed, and of course refreshing to the curators. Though the serious study of Chinese culture is a very recent development, both in Europe and America, every ambitious college and university feels that courses and lectures on Chinese matters are essential to a place in the educational firmament, and most of them have hastened to supply that demand.

A sane well-balanced textbook is of course the best substitute for, and the best friend of, an experienced instructor, and "Four Thousand Years of China's Art," by Dagny Carter, is a long step in the right direction. Mrs. Carter has been a keen student of Chinese matters for a quarter of a century; she has lived in China, and has known personally, and well, most of the scholars who are responsible for our recent progress in the knowledge of things Chinese. Her book is a mine of information in compact form, though the categorical statement is refreshingly absent. Mrs. Carter is thoroughly familiar with the progress of Chinese research and provides a very useful bibliography, arranged under chapter headings.

The chapters are grouped under four categories: Prehistory and Archeology, Early Outside Influences, The Golden Age, Artisans and Traders. The first section is the most impressive, due perhaps to the author's long friendship with the outstanding Chinese archeologists of her native Sweden. She sets forth the evidence with fairness and states clearly what is fact and what is conjecture where it is possible to do so.

Those who feel that China has always been impervious to foreign influences will find reason to question their attitude as Mrs. Carter, in the second division of the book, stresses the frequent influxes of alien nations, each bringing some cultural contribution. For example, Buddhism, coming from India, achieved some of its finest expression in the sculptured caves of Yün K'ang, produced under the Wei Dynasty, which was formed largely from recent immigrants of the Tungus tribes from the north. These aliens were as quickly assimilated as were later the Mongols and the Manchus. Under the Golden Age are discussed T'ang metal work, textiles, ceramics, painting, and non-Buddhist sculpture. The ceramics and painting of the Sung Dynasty are treated at some length, with space given to painting of the Yün Dynasty, and a chapter is devoted to Chinese Buddhism, its influence on Japan, and the invention of printing, so closely associated with the spread of Buddhism.

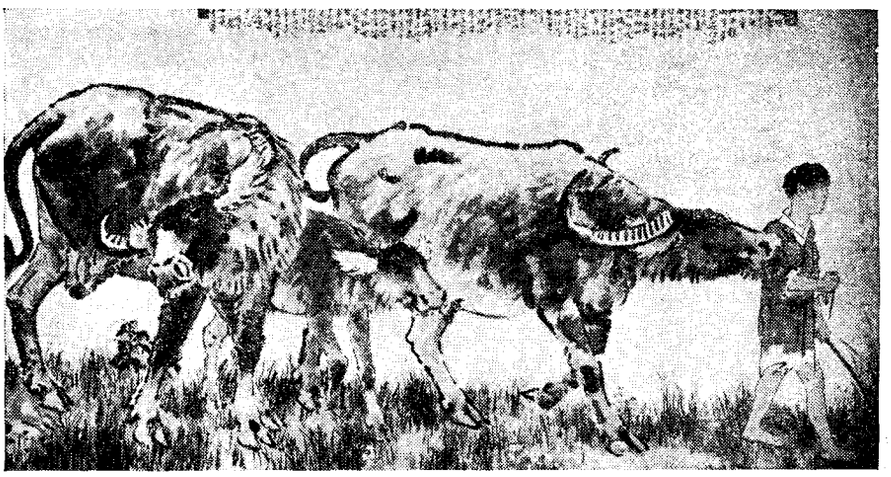
From the very beginning of the book the many illustrations assume a major importance in carrying the argument: would that were the case in all art books. They are discriminatingly chosen, and "experts" in the field will recognize old friends from famous collections, reproduced at a sufficiently large scale so that one may see the details to advantage. This is particularly true of the bronzes, paintings, and sculpture.

The author has a neat way of summing up such complex subjects as Taoism, Buddhism, and Ch'an Buddhism and showing their formative influence on creative art. We are continually reminded of the cultural implications of these art forms which meant so much more to the Chinese than they may ever mean to us, who as a rule can admire only the single aspect of their achievement, which, of course, is no slight experience at that.

In the last chapters which bring the Chinese scene up to the present day the caption "Traders and Artisans" may be somewhat misleading, though it would be impossible to preserve the concise treatment of the earlier chapters. As the integrity of creative art has rapidly deteriorated (though Mrs. Carter seems somewhat unduly hopeful about the single field of painting) with the cross-currents of political upheaval, we realize more fully the chaotic condition of the country, and feel that she was right in bringing us up to date even though she does so sketchily.

I hope very much that subsequent editions will give more attention to the proofreading which is inexcusably lax, and may have been due to an attempt to hurry the book through press. One or two careless mistakes, such as making the fine T'ang figure of the Fogg Museum terra cotta instead of stucco and calling it a Kuan-yin, do not affect the value of the book at all.

Charles Fabens Kelley, writer and lecturer on art education and oriental art, is curator of oriental art and assistant director of The Art Institute of Chicago. He is also Chicago art correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor.



—*From the book.*

Painting by contemporary artist Ju Peón.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 750)

E. G. ARNALL:
WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

It is impossible to have politica freedom unless you have economic freedom. . . . Free men stand up for their rights best when they are not hungry and when they are not afraid. . . . The people are the best repository of their own destiny.

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Poetry. *These long, bright August days many fortunate souls are enjoying the delights of the Maine coast—and many of their city-bound friends are thinking of them with unalloyed envy. Appropriately enough, two of the collections of verse reviewed this week—those of Margaret Janvrin Adams and Harold Vinal—are in large part concerned with celebrating that magic world of rocks, sea, boats, and hardy Yankees. Mrs. Adams sees the coast through the eyes of the city-dweller who comes on frequent pilgrimages, while Mr. Vinal sings of it as a man whose family has lived there for generations. . . . In "Actfive," Archibald MacLeish reveals some of the doubts of a gifted man debating whether to dedicate his talents to personal lyrics or to verse with a social message.*

Twixt Pundit & Poet

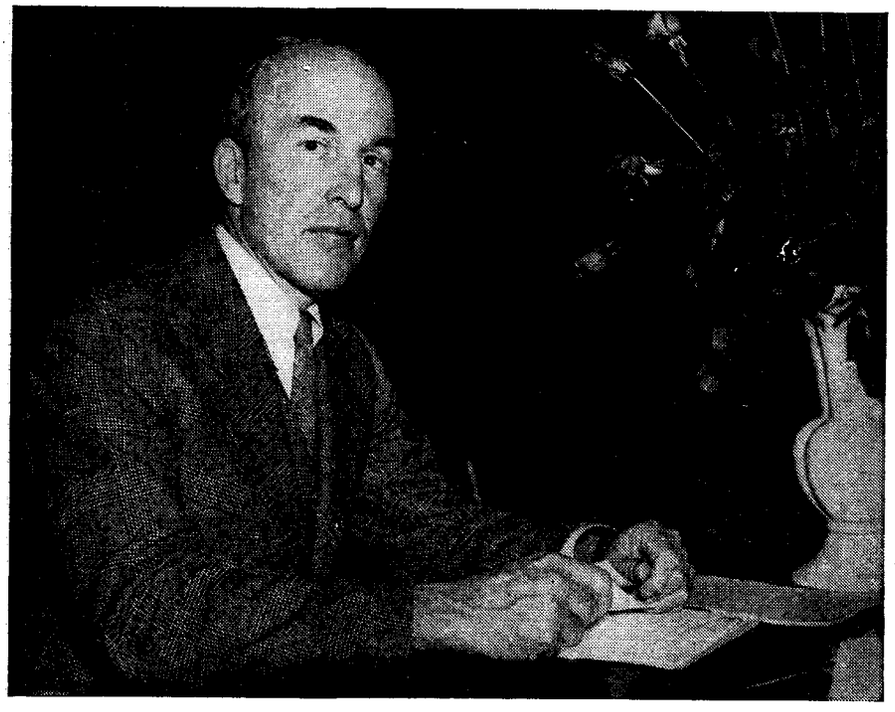
ACTFIVE and Other Poems. By Archibald MacLeish. New York: Random House. 1948. 63 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SELDEN RODMAN

THE key poem in the poetical career (and perhaps one should say the life) of Archibald MacLeish is his justly famous "Invocation to the Social Muse." When he wrote it in 1933 in answer to the Marxist critics who wanted him to write propaganda for the "cause" and who probably resented his epigram that "a poem should not mean but be," he came as close to passing the death sentence on the poet he was about to become as any poet ever has:

> Does the lady suggest we should write it out in The Word?
> Does Madame recall our responsibilities? We are
> Whores Fräulein: poets Fräulein are persons of
> Known vocation following troops; they must sleep with
> Stragglers from either prince and of both views:
> The rules permit them to further the business of neither:
> It is also strictly forbidden to mix in maneuvers:
> Those that infringe are inflated with praise on the plazas—
> Their bones are resultantly afterwards found under newspapers . . .

The rising curve, from that moment, of MacLeish the pamphleteer, the Loyalist, the anti-Fascist, the New Dealer, the flayer of "irresponsibles," the rhetorician of intervention, the speechmaker, the wartime librarian and statesman, can be plotted on the same graph with the descending curve of "Public Speech," "Air Raid," "America Was Promises," and finally the decade of poetic silence that followed the almost inaudibly high-pitched exhortation of the last-named book. The tragedy is not that MacLeish broke faith with the inviolable isolation of The Poet (were Dante, Milton, or Goethe "whores"?) but that he flung himself from one extreme position to the other with reckless disregard of the artistic consequences of imposing a blunt political content on one of the most subjective and volatile of styles.



Archibald MacLeish, pamphleteer, Loyalist, anti-Fascist, New Dealer, flayer of "irresponsibles" . . .

"Actfive and Other Poems" exemplifies the persistence of this conflict, though a division now seems to be taking place between MacLeish the pundit and MacLeish the poet. It is gratifying to report that in almost a dozen personal lyrics included in this book one hears what MacLeish himself once felicitously said he listened for in poetry, the sound of the ax as it enters the living wood. "The Linden Trees," "Excavation of Troy," "What Must," "Ever Since," "Tricked by Eternity the Heart," "The Learned Men," and "The Two Trees" combine genuine simplicity and subtlety of music to an extent achieved by no other contemporary save Frost:

> . . . If mind by God was meant
> To grow and gain in girth,
> Swelling in sweet content,
> I cease I have no worth:
>
> But if it was God's will
> That mind, no wish refused,
> Should waste by wanting still
> By God I am well used!

The three overtly "political" shorter pieces, "The Spanish Lie," "The Young Dead Soldiers," and "Brave New World" have none of this magic. The first is full of those hollow mannerisms pilloried so cruelly by Edmund Wilson in his "Omelet," and is as windily repetitious as "America Was Promises":

> The lie will be answered.
> Do not believe it.
> This will be answered.
> This will be answered with
> Time
> there is time.
> The dead have time . . .

"Brave New World" sets forth fairly explicitly what the title poem barely gets around to hinting at in twenty-one verbose pages—that the war the "irresponsibles" tried to delay or spike with peace aims has left nothing behind but

> Man . . . murdered and his sweetness blown
> With maggots of the intellectual lies,
> His monument the smoke of hate that stands

(*Continued on page* 38)

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NEWSPAPERS AND THE PROPHET MOTIVE

(*Continued from page 7*)

ly a newspaper man who can be completely independent of the social and economic pressures of his community. I have already cited one example of such pressure—the indignation of the theatre-owners over the Lana Turner editorial. Another, if I may draw on the experience of my own paper once more, was what happened when the *Courant* commented on birth control. Connecticut is one of two among the forty-eight states that do not permit physicians to prescribe contraceptives, even when the life of the mother is in danger. Anyone may buy them at any drug store; but medical science is forbidden to advise their use to save health or life.

When a bill to wipe out this anachronism was introduced in the Connecticut General Assembly, the *Courant* resolved to break the long-respected taboo against newspaper mention of the subject. In a three-paragraph editorial it sought to leave to one side all the storms of controversy that beat about the subject, simply explaining the bill's purpose. Immediately all hell broke loose. The telephone kept ringing in what was obviously an organized campaign of vituperation. The paper was denounced from the pulpit. Church dignitaries ostentatiously canceled their subscriptions. They tried to find out through the back door which individual had written the editorial. And two succeeding editorials, while the bill was before the legislature, brought equal abuse.

NO wonder editorial writers sometimes find it convenient to drop touchy local subjects. All too frequently they concern themselves with topics that are eminently safe or distant. Recently Jenkins Lloyd Jones, editor of the *Tulsa Tribune,* cast a professional eye over the editorial pages of the Middle West. He found a widespread tendency to deplore juvenile delinquency. "But who in hell is in favor of juvenile delinquency?" he asked his fellow editors at the annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. Many newspaper editorial writers take refuge in what Mr. Jones calls "Afghanistanism." They can pontificate on what is happening in Afghanistan with perfect safety. "No one knows more than you do about it," said Mr. Jones, "and no one gives a damn."

To write a good editorial requires guts as well as skill. There is a local milk strike—what are you going to say about it? The drivers have many friends—and not only in the union ranks, either. But you also have to live in the same town with the companies. They are less numerous than the drivers, but they too have friends, powerful ones who have no doubts as to where all right-thinking men stand in any quarrel between management and labor, no matter what the facts may be.

But if you know your facts and weigh them honestly, the rewards for coming out into the open with what you know to be right are great. Since I came to the *Courant* four years ago, I have seen the validity of that principle demonstrated a number of times. Consider, for example, the matter of Hartford's government. When I arrived in the city I found considerable agreement that the municipal government was antiquated and inefficient. But there was even wider agreement that—Hartford being Hartford—nothing could be done about it. The community is amazingly ready for technological change. But its zeal for improvement in industrial methods and gadgets is matched by a distrust of anything new in social and political institutions. When it was suggested that the city ought to adopt the council-manager form of government that has proven effective in other American cities, the idea was deprecated as visionary.

JUST the same, editorial columns of the *Courant* and Hartford's other newspaper, the *Times,* vigorously fanned every flicker of hope and systematically demolished the arguments of the opposition. As the crusade gained strength the diehards, and still more the political groups who stood to lose if business-like efficiency replaced overlapping boards and commissions and politics, swung into action. For more than a year the fur flew. But in the end the people of the city endorsed the change, two to one. Hartford got its nonpartisan council and city manager last January. It is generally agreed that the support and leadership of the newspapers was the catalyst that brought success.

The rewards for editorial courage can be great. But all too often we editors take an easier way. We become mouthpieces for the opinions of others.

"A triumph of narrative genius, character insight, and human understanding." —THOMAS SUGRUE, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"An extremely moving and daring love story." —MILTON MERLIN, *Los Angeles Times*

"An exciting and intensely moving story, the finest that Greene has written." —*The Atlantic Monthly*

"A brilliant performance in the art of novel-writing." —ROGER PIPPETT, *N. Y. Star*

GRAHAM GREENE

The HEART OF THE MATTER

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

THE VIKING PRESS *At all booksellers* $3.00

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Even worse, we become the slaves of our own prejudices. It is amusing, and sad, to see an editorial writer whose personal venom as expressed in print has been challenged digging earnestly for arguments to hurl back at the opposition. Too many editorial writers get their opinions first, and then look around for facts to prop them up.

Obviously no newspaper can discharge its duty as a twentieth-century prophet if its editors fall into such myopic ways. All life is change. It is the prophet's business to be sensitive to life, to be able to distinguish the enduring values of the past from mere nostalgia for the old days, and the promised land from the gold brick. There is no substitute for digging up the facts first, before forming opinions. Honest study, a scientist's humility before the facts, no matter how they may fly in the face of cherished beliefs and sacred cows, will reveal the truth. If one does not manipulate the facts with conscious purpose, they have a way of arranging themselves into a pattern that makes the opinion decent men must hold about them perfectly clear.

IT is, I think, the failure of editors to make an objective search after truth the basis of each day's writing that accounts for much of the American people's current dissatisfaction with their press. Theoretically, we have in this country a press that is completely free. This notion was born when economic conditions were less rigorous, when anybody and his brother could afford to start a newspaper. Nowadays it takes more than all the millions of Marshall Field to start a successful newspaper. In place of a multiplicity of newspapers, each speaking for its faction, we have only one or two per community. Even New York, Chicago, and Boston boast only a handful each.

While this economic change was occurring, a number of diverse national influences were building up, brick by brick, the tradition that news reporting should be impartial. If any two citizens or groups of citizens are at odds, the press now recognizes its obligation to report fairly what each says. So strong has this still incomplete tradition grown already that we are incensed when a newspaper departs from it by slanting the news. What now needs to be done—and I think is slowly being done—is to establish a comparable tradition for editorial writing.

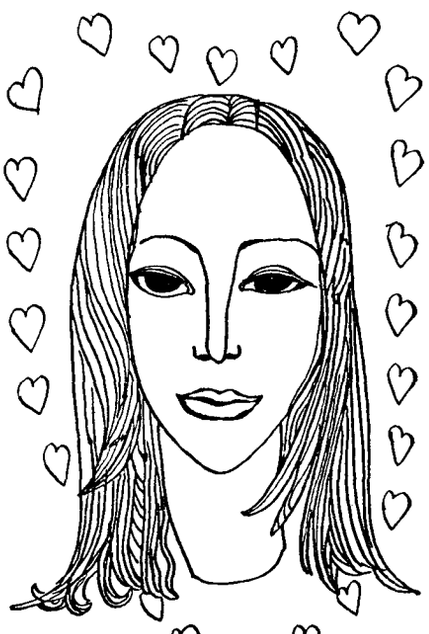
One not insignificant barrier to objective editorial writing is the habit many newspapers have of attaching themselves to one of the major political parties. This is a hangover from the days when there were many papers, each speaking for a particular faction. Today, when we have few papers, it is their obligation not to be a Dr. Goebbels for any group, however praiseworthy, but to speak for the whole community.

If editorial writers are really to fill their roles as twentieth-century prophets, they must wherever necessary forget allegiances to the party names and shibboleths. They must speak more and more for the whole community, and less and less for any party or class. After all, the number of independent voters is growing. Some of them still proudly belong to a party, from inheritance or from preference. But it is the people whose minds are free who decide elections. They are the ones who keep the country on the high road of its destiny, while the two parties seek constantly to push it first to one side and then to the other. It is the main stream that counts. And it is the task of the editorial writer to keep us there.

In calling for editorial objectivity, I do not mean that our editorials should be milk-and-water double talk. Our journalistic Jeremiahs must breathe more hellfire and damnation than ever. Only they need to get all the facts, and not just some of them, first.

Herbert Brucker, formerly a member of the faculty of the Columbia School of Journalism, is now editor of the Hartford Courant. *This is one of a series of articles* SRL *is publishing in which writers discuss the problems of their craft.*

this summer it's



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the girl in the novel

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Beginning with this number, SRL *will present in its second issue of each month "Ideas on Film," a section devoted to 16 mm. non-theatrical films. This will supplement "The Film Forum." Both "Ideas on Film" and "The Film Forum" deal with films that fulfill the cinema's original purpose—the communication of ideas through moving lights and shadows.*

IT was seventy-five years ago that Edward Muybridge conceived the idea of depicting animals in motion by means of a series of photographs taken at regular intervals and afterwards examined in rapid succession. This was the true basis of the motion picture, and with his photographs Muybridge was able to demonstrate in Paris that Meissonier, a famous painter of the day, was correct in his depiction of horses at full gallop. The critics had declared these to be unnatural and impossible; the moving picture proved him to be right. On that day in 1873 the documentary film, the film of fact, was born.

Twenty years later, at the Chicago World's Fair, Edison with his peepshow Kinetoscope gave the movies to the public, and awakened in hundreds of enterprising promoters the realization that the film provided vast opportunities for entertainment. So rapid and tremendous was the development of the theatrical motion-picture that the possibilities of the film for functional uses tended to be overlooked.

What has happened to the non-theatrical or "idea" film since its debut? Because such films are exhibited without benefit of advertising or ballyhoo, it is not generally realized that millions of people gather to see them every week in church halls, club rooms, and civic auditoriums.

Even the men whose business it is to manufacture and distribute non-theatrical films had no clear notion of the extent of their audience until a pilot survey was made recently in Rochester, N. Y. The survey disclosed that in this medium-sized city, more than 1,600 groups make regular use of films—for America characteristically is a nation of joiners, and the functional film is the perfect medium of communication for organized groups. Moreover, in the United States today there are five times as many sound-film projectors outside the theatres as there are installations inside them. The increase in the number of theatres is now proceeding at snail's pace, while in 1948 alone it is expected that the sale of 16 mm. sound projectors will exceed that of all previous years combined.

The giant strides currently being made in the 16 mm. film industry are creating more and more interest in its products—as *SRL* has discovered during the five months since it began publication of "The Film Forum." "What are the new films?" "Which are worth seeing?" "Where can we buy or borrow them?" "My interest is in bird dogs; what are the best films about them?" So run the letters that have been pouring into *SRL's* office.

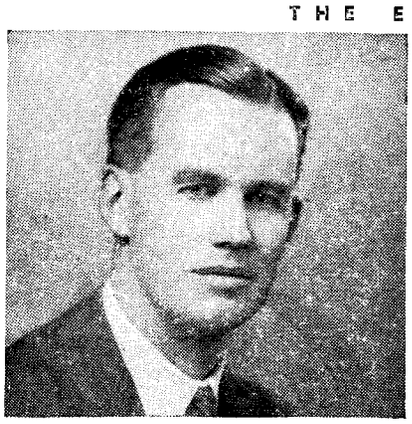
"Ideas on Film" will undertake to answer such questions as these. In a typical number we hope to present articles and editorials discussing latest developments in the 16 mm. field in this country and abroad; critical assessments of current films grouped according to subject; technical data designed to keep our readers informed about new projection apparatus and new methods of getting the best results out of the equipment they already have. We welcome your suggestions as to how the section may be made more useful. A form is printed on page 34 for your convenience.

Wherever a film has ideas to project, wherever it eyewitnesses the important events of our times, we shall try to throw it into sharper focus and help bridge the gap between film and audience by reporting on it promptly, critically, and informatively. While our primary concern will be the 16 mm. film, we shall not exclude a film merely because it has been seen in the theatres. Any film that carries its audience into the stream of life will be within the province of "Ideas on Film."

Lewis Mumford once pointed out that the film is "the only art which can represent with any degree of concreteness the emergent world view that differentiates our culture from every preceding one." Through "Ideas on Film" *SRL* hopes to make its own contribution to that art.

RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE,
Co-editor, SRL IDEAS ON FILM.

THE EDITORS



RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE took his MA at Oxford in 1934, then joined the British Government Film Unit and wrote "A Grammar of the Film." He is author, too, of the forthcoming "Basic Film Techniques." During 1947, he produced "Round Trip," the Twentieth Century Fund's foreign trade picture, and "Borrowing in Subtraction," one of the Motion Picture Association's educational pilot pictures. He also co-directed UN's "Searchlight on the Nations." He was technical supervisor for the National Film Board of Canada, is now The World Today's producer-in-charge.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON was born in New York City and educated at Duke. He initiated *SRL's* FILM FORUM, has written for stage, screen, radio, and television, specializing in 16 mm. scripts. His "Clear Track Ahead" for Pennsylvania RR, seen by over 14,000,000 Americans, will soon have foreign audiences; his film treatment for U.S. Time's archives is canned for posterity. He has been technical aide in NYU's Film Library and audio-visual supervisor at CCNY, whose Business Film Library he founded and directed. A textbook is under way on his New School forum "The Film in Public Relations."

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16 mm. *In the tanglewood of 16 mm., there are no road maps, only Indian guides. Some of these guides, however, have cleared and charted small areas of the forest, and their conclusions may with more or less certainty (according to the reader's temperament) be extended to much wider regions. The reports of the trail-blazers, uncertain as they are, make essential reading for those who wish to find their way around in 16 mm. for where facts are few, they are also often startling. Some of the most important of the recent reports are here summarized, with information on where the reader may obtain them.*

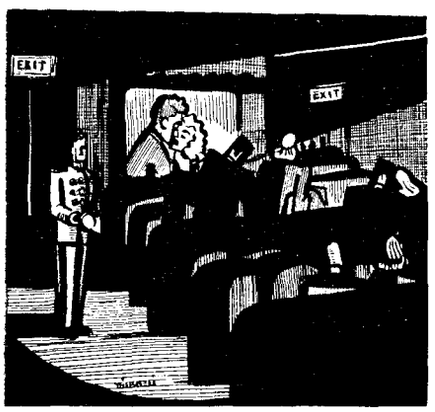
1. Strictly Curriculum

A REPORT TO EDUCATORS ON TEACHING FILMS SURVEY. By a Committee of Seven Publishers. New York. 1948. 117 *pp. No charge.*

CONTAINS the only publicly available summary of the findings of Carroll Y. Belknap, well-known business analyst, who for two years surveyed the market for school film and finally recommended against immediate participation in their production by the seven publishers.

Highlights of the survey are: (1) The market for exclusively classroom films is small. (2) This market will probably double in size (but not in expenditure on films) by the early 1950's. Most of the increase will come in elementary films. (3) There is a great lack of good films, so great that the demand for specific films has not sharply crystallized in the schools. In fact, "the teachers who have the most desire to use motion pictures tend to be the ones who have had the least opportunity to use motion pictures. The teachers who have the least interest tend to be those who have made the most use of the films that are now available." (4) At present, owing to the non-profitability of producing strictly curriculum films, the bulk of the films used in classrooms will be of "background" character, sponsored for other purposes and not primarily directed to school use.

Offsetting the comprehensiveness of the report is a tendency to be too actuarial, too easily hypnotized by numbers and questionnaires. It is notable that while the seven publishers awaited their two-year report, which advised them to do nothing for the time, an eighth publisher, McGraw-Hill, waded in and produced a number of highly successful teaching films.



2. What Not to Do

EFFECTIVE USE OF TRAINING FILMS. By J. Sterling Livingston and Paul R. Ignatius. Harvard Business Review. Autumn 1947. 15 *pp.* $1.

AN analysis, based on a study of 350 industrial films, which shows that the successful use of training films by the armed forces does not automatically guarantee their success in industry. The authors proceed to a very practical breakdown of common training film faults: excessive length, too many points covered, extraneous material, errors in the script, needless narration, cliches, "cute" humor, and so on.

Since training films may cost anywhere from $500 to $10,000 a minute, such a guide on what not to do is invaluable to sponsors.

3. "Good Citizen"

NEW HORIZONS FOR BUSINESS FILMS. By the Films Committee of the Association of National Advertisers. New York. 1947. 84 *pp.* $7.50.

INDUSTRY as "a good citizen" is a new note struck by this report to members of the A.N.A. The days of the heavy-handed commercial film may soon be over, for the business film "is a tool to be handled with deftness, not swung like a bludgeon." Advertisers are urged not to pass up the field of educational movies, but are warned against distorting facts, mis-

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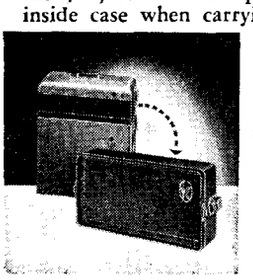

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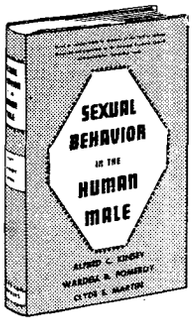

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directing conclusions, and plugging specific products.

The remainder of the report points up the wastefulness of unplanned production, and gives advice on organizing a film department and utilizing films, once made, to full advantage. There is welcome acknowledgment throughout of the public responsibilities of the advertising film.

4. Mendelssohn Prancing

A FILM LIBRARY OF MUSIC. By Louis Applebaum. The World Today, Inc. 1947. 24 *pp.* 50¢.

A REVIEW of the music films available in the U. S. reveals "less than fifteen per cent of acceptable quality and even fewer . . . worth while and stimulating." Typical of the films viewed is one which shows the composer Mendelssohn prancing through a studio forest, listening to the music of birds and fauns, while an assistant at his heels takes down the notes of the "Spring Song" he is composing.

In spite of the fact that the U. S. leads the world in the volume of its musical activity and in the technical development of its films, "hardly any films have been produced that are suitable for use by specialized music teachers in conservatories and public schools."

The report sets out in detail a triple plan of music films for school use, for the specialized music student, and for the general public, and a comprehensive appendix outlines a plan for organizing a National Music Film Library, and for producing and selling some 175 films on a self-liquidating basis.

5. Non-Drama

A REPORT ON THE OUTLOOK FOR THE PROFITABLE PRODUCTION OF DOCUMENTARY FILMS FOR THE NON-THEATRICAL MARKET. By Mary Losey. The Sugar Research Foundation. 1948. 106 *pp.* $1.

THIS report, marked by its pithy style and caustically practical approach, reviews the failure to keep the non-theatrical film alive at wartime strength and looks to various agencies to help recover lost ground. Notable amongst these are EFLA, the American Library Association, and the Film Councils of America. The report goes on to detail the production records of eleven of the leading documentary film producers, and summarizes the economic basis of distribution as "540 print sales needed to amortize a production cost of $10,000 per reel."

School films, labor unions, churches, industries, television, the international market, all come in for their share of attention.

The remainder of the report assesses the more specialized question: "What are the possibilities of profitable venture in art film production?" and concludes that a diversified series of films on art and its background—like the notable picture projects launched by *Life* magazine——would reach a wide audience.

What Would You Like to See in "Ideas on Film"?

Checklist on film sources and rentals?
Critical reviews of latest releases?
Films related to specific subjects?
Survey of new 16mm. equipment?
Articles by guest authorities?
Letters on film developments abroads?
Film miscellany, reprinting famous essays now out of print?
Book reviews?
Reader's suggestions .....
.....

6. Sampling Rochester

COMMUNITY USE OF FILMS (THE ROCHESTER SURVEY). By Fischer, Hutchings, and Stuart. A.N.A. Films Committee and Rochester Film Council. 1948. 52 *pp.* $1.

THIS pioneering report sets out to discover the *actual* number of clubs, groups, churches, businesses, and other organizations in the city of Rochester, N. Y. (pop. 350,000), which have shown films within the past year. For the first time, therefore, much of the guesswork is taken out of 16 mm. distribution, and the local film distributor, instead of haphazardly surveying the surface, now knows exactly where to drill for oil. That is, in Rochester. But this survey desperately needs to be extended to a sample of cities of different size and makeup throughout the country. No bigger service to the informational film and its potential audience could be rendered today than by the financing of such a survey. In Rochester, more than 1,600 group film users were unearthed; prior to the survey, guesses would have run to 2—300.

COPIES OF REPORTS MAY BE OBTAINED AT:

1. Saturday Review of Literature, Film Dept., 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
2. Harvard Business Review, Autumn, 1947, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
3. Association of National Advertisers, 285 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
4. The World Today, Inc., 450 West 56th St., New York, N. Y.
5. Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
6. Association of National Advertisers, 285 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Messages in Millimeters

AN ancient Chinese sage once said: "First we see the hills in the painting, and then we see the painting in the hills." This may well be interpreted as the very essence of esthetics. All true works of art, their motives or creative detachment notwithstanding, must ultimately lead us back to reality. Our literary heritage has left us niches filled with the efforts of Euripides, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe (to rub our fingers across the dust of just a few). The sermon, the lecture, the essay—no matter how lofty—can never have the emotional appeal to action which is the sole province of the artist. As mechanization takes command of our shrinking world in this atomic age, we are in need of such tools as will keep in tune with the tempo of our times. We no longer have the leisure to watch the effects of a single drop of ink as it makes a million people think. That is why the narrow gauge (16 mm.) must point the way to broader vision.

Burning Witches

IT is not often that a masterpiece reaches the screens of the world. It is even less frequent that it goes unnoticed by almost all of the critics. Films like "The Informer" and "The Ox-Bow Incident" (both available on 16 mm.) did not get the public support they deserved when they were first released; it was a few critics who recognized their worth.

Carl Dreyer produced a film in Denmark called "Day of Wrath" which will be seen and discussed long after Greer Garson, Bette Davis, and Ida Lupino have joined the company of Ruth Chatterton, Norma Talmadge, and Norma Shearer.

The photography in "Day of Wrath" is perfect. The interior scenes have never been equaled; they have the clean, fresh, sharp lines of the little Dutch masters like Vermeer or Van Eyck.

"Day of Wrath" is not a pleasant picture. It is somber, macabre, disturbing. But so is Dante's "Inferno." In London it was hailed as the greatest motion picture ever made. Perhaps such praise is lavish, for we found it somewhat too measured in tempo, but we could sit through it many times.

Seventeenth-century Scandinavia was beset by witches whom they burned at the stake in keeping with their Puritan theology. In this setting a local pastor marries the daughter of a woman he saved from being purged into eternity. She is some thirty years younger than he is, so, in the natural course of events, it is to be expected that she have an affair with his son by a former marriage. She has never known love or affection, because her husband is old and stern, but his son is beset by conscience and allows her without protest to be turned over to the inquisition.

This bald statement of plot is unfair. There is so much more to recommend it. The characterizations are so well drawn that they become real people. Most motion pictures are thrice removed from reality and are responsible for the worst year the motion-picture industry has suffered since the depression.

"Day of Wrath" may never play in your theatre unless for once in our history a motion picture is shown by popular demand. Speak to your theatre manager and tell him to book it through Lopert Films, 148 West 57th St., New York City.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

—From "Day of Wrath," courtesy of Lopert Films.

"Day of Wrath" . . . "somber, micabre, disturbing."

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ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA FILMS INC.
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

IF variety is truly the spice of life, then this year's output of books for boys and girls certainly has plenty of black and red pepper, not to mention ginger, cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon. As the autumn books begin to come in to this reviewer's desk they show great variety. There is something for every age, every taste and every hobby. Among them are serious books that will mean as much to older members of the family as they do to the boy or girl for whom they are selected. Such a book is Arna Bontemps's "Story of the Negro." It is a timely book, but its value is timeless. It is the kind of book that should be owned, not borrowed. A number of good sport stories are coming over the horizon, and some good stories for older girls. The first unusual picture book to arrive is a picture book only in format. In text it is a tale of the sea—authentic and exciting. The illustrations in color are striking. It will be reviewed in the September number along with other books for various ages.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE STORY OF THE NEGRO. By Arna Bontemps. Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 240 *pp.* $3.

THIS is an unusual book, and one that all one-world-minded people should take under consideration. It is the story of the Negro race, from the liberation of the Egyptians in 1700 B.C. to an informed and unprejudiced word picture of the status of the American Negro today. It tells, dramatically but without bias, the ghastly story of the slave ships, the underground railway, the insurrection in Haiti, the years that preceded the American Civil War. Out of a crowded canvas great figures emerge; the Greek slave Aesop, the Arabian poet and warrior Antar, Martin de Porres of Peru, Crispus Attucks, Phyllis Wheatley, Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, Booker T. Washington, Dr. DuBois, and the Negro leaders of today in art, literature, music, drama, politics, and social work. The freshness, the impact in the story is partly due to Mr. Bontemps's complete detachment. He establishes a continuity in time for the history of the Negro race. He gives it its place in the development of civilization in a way that keeps the atmosphere always free of prejudice and propaganda. It is a story that must have developed slowly in a scholarly and balanced mind.

Raymond Lufkin's black and white drawings add beauty and dignity to a book that in text and format presents a vitally important subject with conspicuous success.

BEANY MALONE. By Lenora Mattingly Weber. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 186 *pp.* $2.50.

IN spite of her name, Beany Malone is a character one is likely to remember. The most reliable, although the youngest of her delightful but not always accountable family, Beany takes over the responsibility of the welfare of her brothers and sisters when their father, the overworked editor of the local paper, goes to Arizona to recuperate.

There is a story and a problem behind each member of the family. The father, Martie Malone, is working to improve traffic conditions and cut down motor accidents, Johnny is interested in helping the town patriarch and veteran newspaper man to write a book about the early days of the city; Elizabeth and her little son are waiting for word that her husband will come home from the war. Mary Fred is concerned with her intense loyalties that get in the way of her making a college sorority, while Beany herself feels that her chief problem is to protect her family but she does a bit of yearning over friends.

There is warmth, quiet humor, and excellent suspense in this story of a young girl's growing up. The Malones are charming, lovable people with a strong sense of values and a fine social outlook, whose problems are real enough to become the problems of the reader.

This is a fine novel, well written, convincing and alive.

RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

—*From "The Story of the Negro."*

THE THEFT OF THE GOLDEN RING. By Isabelle Lawrence. Illustrated by Charles V. John. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1948. 309 *pp.*

MISS LAWRENCE has written of ancient Rome and its people. The reader is plunged into a political plot to overthrow the state. He is introduced to Cicero and to Julius Ceasar. He learns of the homes, schools, religion, and customs of the Romans. The story revolves around the young Gaius and, to a lesser degree, his sister, Atia. Through Gaius's recognition of a stolen ring which is being auctioned in the market-place he stumbles upon Cataline's plot to burn and conquer Rome. Slipping out of the guarded city, Gaius travels into the unknown North. There he gains additional knowledge of the plot, and meets his old friend, the pirate captain. In the newest bireme in the Roman navy Gaius and Atia set out with the pirate captain to recover a treasure that is buried in a cave on an island off Pompeii. Then comes the shipwreck of their boat, their entombment in the treasure cave, and their rescue by Octavius, who is Atia's husband and a Roman senator.

It is rather remarkable that so much excitement and adventure can be so well mixed with interesting and authentic details of the Roman civilization. Boys and girls who read this book will gain sympathy and understanding with the people of yesteryear, and a feeling that they had much in common with the people of today.

RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

PADRE PORKO: THE GENTLEMANLY PIG. By Robert Davis. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: Holiday House. 1948. 197 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a new and revised edition of a book that has been a joy to storytellers and a great favorite among the children since it first appeared nine years ago. This new version has the old pleasing format, but it has two new stories and six more of Fritz Eichenberg's inimitable drawings. One of the stories, "The New-Moon Meeting," is peculiarly applicable to the

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recent political conventions. One wishes that the wise and kindly Padre had been in charge of both of them! The happy marriage of text and illustration is even more evident than in the first edition. Here is a book to read, to share, and to remember.

THE HALF - PINT JINNI AND OTHER STORIES. By Maurice Dolbier. Illustrated by Allan Thomas. New York: Random House. 1948. 242 *pp.* $2.50.

Here are eight fresh and amusing tales about enchantment and adventure in the East. They are all touched with the individual humor that was so attractive in Maurice Dolbier's earlier book "The Magic Shop." They will remind boys and girls of "The Arabian Nights" in background and atmosphere. But the humor is individual and has no relation to anything else at all.

SUMMER AT YELLOW SINGER'S. By Florence Bailey. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

This is the story of a summer with the Navaho Indians. Mr. Wayne, the father of the family, is an ethnologist. He, his wife, and the two children, Judy and Jon, live all summer with the Navahos, sharing their life, their customs, and their ceremonies. It is a well-told story. The background is informing, from an historical point of view, and the action and characters satisfying when it is read purely as an adventure story.

SEA CHANGE. By Kathryn Worth. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 240 *pp.* $2.25.

Here is the story of a sensitive, imaginative girl who is a misfit in a family that is ultra-conservative, limited in outlook, and definitely snobbish. The scene is the coast of the Carolinas, and the time the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is Kristy's story. The interest centers in her thoughts and her feeling about the conflict that goes on around her. The theme of religious prejudice is "dragged in." But the social atmosphere is real, and Kristy's love story is an appealing one.

MISSION TALES. By Helen M. Roberts. Illustrated by Muriel Lawrence. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 21 *Vol.* 1948. $10.

THESE twenty-one little books, presented in an attractive case of heavy cardboard, tell stories of the twenty-one missions established in California by the Catholic Church in

—From "Padre Porko."

the latter half of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries. They are well designed little books, bound in a heavy reddish-brown paper and illustrated with attractive sketches printed in the same color on a cream-white background. Each book gives a short account of the founding of the mission and then goes on to tell a story of something that happened there. The Spanish priests who came, often under great difficulties, to found the mission and the native Indians are the characters. Many of the stories will appeal to boys and girls. They are well and simply told. There is the tale of Clemente, the Indian shepherd boy who played the part of the angel Gabriel in the Christmas pageant at Soledad. There is the story of Maida, the little Indian girl who was kidnapped by a hostile tribe and found refuge in the Mission of Santa Clara. They are all authentic tales, against a rich historical background. As such, they are a part of the history of our country.

THE EXCITING JOURNEY. By Norman Dale. Illustrated by Ley Kenyon. London: The Bodley Head. New York: The Macmillin Co. 1947. 153 *pp.* $2.

This is an ingratiating tale of a journey by bicycle from London to the south of England taken by a twelve-year-old boy, Tim Forest. Tim's parents were both killed in the Second World War, and he lived near London with an uncle and an Irish maid—both admirable characters. Another uncle had a farm in Devonshire and, when Uncle Roger's vacation was delayed because he was writing a book that wouldn't quite "jell," Tim started off alone on his bicycle with a pup tent and a good supply of food. His adventures are not wildly exciting, but they are interesting—and so are the people whom he meets. That his trip comes to a successful conclusion is largely due to a series of happy coincidences that at times are too happy to be convincing. But it is a pleasant tale.

New Editions

THE STORY OF THE TREASURE SEEKERS; Being the Adventures of the Bastable Children in Search of a Fortune. By E. Nesbit. With illustrations by C. Walter Hodges. New York: Coward-McCann. 1889-1948. 276 *pp.* $2.

In a well designed book with pictures by an author and artist who have made memorable books for boys and girls, the adventures of the Bastable children are presented again. They should never be allowed to go out of print.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ANNUAL. 1948. *Edited by E. V. McLoughlin. New York: The Grolier Society.* 1943. 430 *pp.* $7.50.

The year 1947 was important in the world's history. Here in condensed form is a summary of the significant developments in the various countries. Here is a fascinating account, by William Beebe of the strange creatures under the sea. Here are up-to-date articles on the jet plane and rockets and on "man-made" weather. Here is an account of the art of dancing by Fred Astaire, a review of sports for 1947, and the story, with many pictures, of the International Girl Scout Encampment in Pennsylvania.

A LITTLE MAID OF VERMONT. By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrated by Sandra James. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927-1948. 224 *pp.* $2.

A new edition of the story of little Sherwood and her adventures in Colonial times in Vermont. New illustrations and an attractive format.

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(*Continued from page 29*)

By day a cloud by night the burning
of the lands,
His grave the fallen cities where
the flies
Crawl upon his million tangled
hands . . .
The city of man consumed by ashes,
ashes,
The republic a marble rubble on
its hill . . .

It is a curious spectacle, this frantic wringing of hands, this gall of disillusionment, this almost Jeffers-like despair, coming from the once-sanguine MacLeish. But it is my guess that Tom Jefferson whose shade is invoked to witness the hopelessness of the present would be much less shocked by our postwar world than by the emotional instability of its prophets.

Two Lyric Reporters

SELECTED POEMS 1921-1948. By Harold Vinal. Portland, Me.: Falmouth Publishing House, Inc. 1948. 169 *pp.* $3.50.

POEMS. By Marguerite Janvrin Adams. Portland, Me.: Falmouth Publishing House. 1948. 176 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

FORTUNATE is that poet whose work exudes the unmistakable color of a place and is marked by the unmistakable imprint of its speech. Harold Vinal's stature as a poet may be a subject in critical debate, but long after the discussion is ended one savors the coast of Maine and the idiom of the islanders, and memory records the poem rather than the intellectual appraisal of the judges.

There is the minor music of "The Quest":

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We came to the islands. We came
saying:
Here there is peace, the voyage
passed, gale, thunder,
The sleepless nights, the watches.
Swept landward,
It was as it had been before, tall
tamaracks under
A cloud-whipped sky, the vales, estuaries,
The wild, slow summer.

And the brooding, black-and-white seascape of "The Mariner Heart":

This is a winter country, its tides
Beat on a wasteland and its sleep is
bitter
But we return to it as does the mind
to childhood.

Vinal, even in his early poems is most satisfying in his songs of the rugged littoral, and the rocky island that still holds the name of his forebears. He is less distinctive as an individual and less distinguished as a bard when he competes with the journalists and philosophers. Here he suffers by comparison with the best and is usually lost in the chorus of mediocrity. As a philosopher he is oppressed by a melancholy fatalism that breaks down into a sad, sweet song. As a reporter of the current scene he is at his best in "The Escapists," an observant picture of the occupants of the reading room of the New York Public Library who:

sit drinking the milk of the word,
saved momentarily from hunger, dishonor and each other.

However, the journalistic effort "Morning Items: Herald Tribune" is a jumble of war headlines, as cold as yesterday's porridge.

Vinal's poems about Maine people are as successful as his poems about the islands, little ships, and the lonely quarries, and a few of his earlier lyrics have stood the test of time. There is something haunting about the couplets of Manor House where:

Imogene, at the clavichord
Plays heavenly tunes unto the Lord.

Equally picturesque are the quatrains about half-blind, half-daft lonely old Hepsibah, who is in love with a scarecrow. The poet's best descriptive powers come to fore in his dramatic portraits in "Hurricane," a sequence of poems about his grandfather William Vinal, who sold Vinalhaven for fifty dollars, and the Swedes and Italians who came to work the quarries.

The sonnets in the book are marked by expert craftsmanship, and range from the good classic Petrarchian sonnet on typical sonnet titles which consider the vast imponderables of life and time to a few crisp sonnets with charged lines and fresh images as in the "Sleeping Swans" "waking from a dream of sleeping stone." The question mark is encountered in Vinal's poem almost as frequently as the period or comma. The excessive posing of the philosophic question is a fault less noticeable in the last section, but it is a weakness in the technical structure of many poems. Vinal is also fond of certain words, such as "baleful," "perfidious," "monstrous," and "pellucid," which clutter up otherwise intense musical lines.

Harold Vinal has served Pegasus in the saddle and out. He is the editor of *Voices,* which has survived these twenty-five years the economic plagues which carry off the little magazines in their infancy. For many years he has also served as secretary of the Poetry Society of America.

* * *

THE second book gathers the fruit of a decade of writing by Mrs. Adams, is mostly lyric in expression and essentially topical in subject. Her observations of the war years, are all reflected in a generous array of poems, the majority of which are in traditional rhyme, with considerable variety in rhythm and stress. Throughout the book there is evidence of a sympathetic, alert mind beholding nature, at times melancholy, but never pessimistic. The craftsmanship is uniformly competent, the metaphors arresting without being impudent or alarming, the meanings unmistakable without being obvious. Mrs. Adams, with a reasonable perception of her limitations, seldom attempts the epic theme or metaphysical heights. She is satisfied to be a reporter of the natural order and man's place in an unpredictable cycle of events. Within this sphere the poet's virtues and faults are most apparent. In one of the few long poems, "Out of This Chaos," Mrs. Adams rises above the reporter to become the philosopher, and evokes the universal emotion of a profound love in a day of world anguish.

Only in calm lies peace—the torn
earth spins
Upon its wheels of alabaster—time
Turns as I muse upon the moments'
sins
Kaleidoscopic in their pantomime

A weakness of this volume is the inclusion of too many competent, journalistic poems which are just above the mediocre. The poet is too eager to echo all the incidents that she is informed of by her keen senses. But after winnowing the lesser poems, there is still a good residue of lyric poetry to enjoy.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
IVES, CONCORD SONATA. (SONATA #2) 1909-15. John Kirkpatrick, pianist. Columbia MM 749 (5)	A very difficult piece to record—this is good job considering. Violent dynamics require lowish over-all level, not much bass.	A—	My impression is J. Kirkpatrick also (see below) is in the dark as to sense of this; a brave but unfocussed performance, much of it blurred in over-pedaling.

THE EMPEROR'S CLOTHES

THE "Concord Sonata" of Charles Ives has at last been recorded (above) and is issued with considerable panoply by Columbia. No doubt this is a memorable service to the art; for a long while everyone has been deploring the lack of available Ives performances and nobody has been doing much about it. Columbia, if the opinion of important musical commentators is right, has reason for fanfare and self-congratulation. This is a milestone, of course, in the documentation of contemporary American music.

Yet here is the "Concord Sonata" to listen to again and again, and I am reminded of the fable of the emperor's new clothes. The sonata is impressive without question. Impressive for its tempestuous climaxes, the awesome diminuendi, the ever-present knell of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony (fate knocking on the door) and above all for the exalted spirits of the Concord great that hover above its pages. It is impressive for the sincerity of the extra-musical content, which makes this an outstanding example of the programmatic approach to music—where the thesis, the story, the literary mood dominates the musical intention. It is impressive for its uncanny forecasting of a dissonance that was not to appear elsewhere for years, for its casual incorporation of typically American popular music—gospel hymn, barn dance, brass-band music—again in a way to anticipate what was yet to come. It is impressive too for its high-nineteenth-century romanticism (Ives was no man of inner consistency!), for the peculiar brand of soaring, cumulonimboid philosophy that commands its expression, of Carlyle's time, of Berlioz and Liszt, but not the twentieth century.

Impressive in the hearing in many ways. And yet musically to my ear it seems gibberish. I am not one to shy from the "modern" of whatever school; I am as at home in assorted dissonance relatively speaking, as one can hope to be, a mere listener. But program aside, Beethoven, Transcendentalism and all, this music, like all music, should make plain musical sense. It is perhaps significant that the album notes which introduce the "Concord Sonata," though replete with encomia and adequately staffed with Ives's own literary interpretations, give not the slightest hint as to the actual musical construction of this very long piece. The reason is obvious to me. After numerous playings of this sonata I am unable to find any *musical* reason for a great deal of what goes on. The emotion is all there, in readily intelligible terms of nineteenth-century convention. But the sense to me is either grotesquely missing or merely banal.

I am reminded uncannily in the hearing of one of those gleefully rhapsodic piano improvisations take-offs on the long-haired pianist, where the humorous performer grabs handsful of keys—any keys—in a simulated tempest of emotion making not one whit of sense! To me, the "Concord Sonata" sounds like a glorified improvisation, written down note for note by some incredible feat of diligence.

Blasphemy? I am well aware of the high esteem in which Ives is held. I know of the individuality and the power of Ives's personality, the impact of his experiments on present music. I am sensible of the dignified special introduction by the vice president of Columbia Records and I can only approve. I will not extend my questioning beyond the matter at hand, the "Concord Sonata." But it is the best of my ear's opinion at this point that here is a tremendous and prophetic work of inspired gibberish, historically of undeniable importance, musically of little. A purely personal opinion, admittedly, and based on one Kirkpatric performance (who else has played it?). I may be wrong—but try it out for yourself. Proof of the pudding.

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the Phoenix Nest

TO M. K.

BUT one there is who never bids me come
Or stay; yet anyone who goes will find
Music already on the curving stair,
His door as wide-flung as his winging mind.
No ornaments distract, no picture mars
Precise simplicity; no curtain shrouds
Windows wide open to the sun and stars.
Lonely in wisdom, he has long since learned
Collection's folly, since the worm is king.
Only the spirit and the dream remain
To mark the trace of earthly voyaging.
He does not know gift from receipt, nor care
Who comes, nor why. No mere amenity,
No cocktail-clacking voices intervene
Between him and his guests' serenity.
Here, where there's no demand upon the heart,
No need to set the sentinel at soul's grille,
The inner eye looks out, the still voice speaks,
Uninterrupted by a counter-will.
In sunlight or at dusk, the heart is free
And unashamed to weep at beauty's end,
Or drought or death. Love makes deep music here,
And immortality surrounds my friend.

DOROTHY WEBSTER.

* * *

I print in part a letter from Mrs. M. J. Verdery of New York City, because I admit that "apathy" was a poor word to use, and because I believe that such spirit as hers is characteristic of the best in American life:

> *In re* your July 3rd Phoenix Nest in which you say you feel a great "apathy" toward all the candidates. Apathy seems to me a more hideous and cruel weapon than power. It never created or saved anything, and I seem to gather from Mr. Toynbee's book that it is the only ticket necessary for the rapid transit from civilization to chaos. It was another you who wrote:
>
> "that which in every nation sustains the dream or kills it—
> In every country brings success or ruin to any plan . . .
> Only the human heart at last—only the common man."
>
> Jim Farley says the day should never come when any American mother should not be able to look at her new born son and see a future President of the United States. That should go for any race, creed, or color. But they are not born wise. They learn. Begin with Mr. Truman. What did America and the Presidency do for him? A little man, a man who had failed too. It was not his idea even to be a Vice President. But when he found himself in a place terrifyingly alone and dangerous he did not meet that challenge with apathy. He did the best he could with what sincerity and courage the Lord had given him.
>
> And what sort of men were attracted to the nomination in the Republican Party? Mostly they are men who made their own way from the humblest beginnings and who faced life with daring and strength ——not apathy. Dewey, Warren, Stassen, and Martin. They found the wisdom to deal with poverty, gangsters, labor troubles, the Japs, or a divided Congress among other things. They created something. It takes more than indifference to do that. Taft, MacArthur, Eisenhower, and Wallace had more privilege or wealth to launch them, and two of the have a well-deserved aura of glamour. As for Taft, he is used to being hated and only works harder in his unglamorous way. If you don't like what he believes——and I don't—this still is not a one-party country. Douglas will keep on swatting too.
>
> We are young and unlearned in world diplomacy. We make tragic mistakes——and some of them are built on mistakes made by Roosevelt with all his confidence and skill, but gradually we will gain the vision and wisdom which can only be gained by trying—not by apathy. Leaders learn by leading. Integrity is almost the only guide. All of these men have won their spurs and made a mark. We shall have as elder statesmen either Marshall and Barkley or perhaps Dulles and Vandenberg. I prefer either pair to Molotov and Gromyko.
>
> We are not afraid of big corporations either. To us they are not the Kelvinator but a job, our food, and the education of our family and the families of our friends, the brickies and carpenters on the job. We need our jobs and we don't enjoy everyone hating everyone else. We are not afraid of labor either. Labor means my husband and myself, our friends, and our sons home from the war. Ninety per cent good and ten percent crooks—capital and labor both. Wouldn't that apply to poets too? Are you afraid of power? Power is what we need! There is another Benet who wrote:
>
> Enormous power, ugly to the fool
> And beautiful as a well handled tool.
>
> The only thing I am afraid of is indifference.
>
> But if you are bored with the America that is yours today and feel that government lost all wisdom and glamor when we lost Roosevelt, I am sure that is a positive and not a negative answer. When we lose the creative urge we have begun to die. My husband's voice is not a powerful voice like yours which can be spread abroad in the land, but he is a good loser, citizen and fighter. He is a Southerner who began his work as a sand hog, went up through construction and from building power houses to his own firm in Wall Street. He voted for Roosevelt and the Roosevelt Administration cost him his business and his shirt. He began over again as a laborer in construction without a whine. He says many reforms were overdue. I've worked all my life since I was sixteen.

I may say that THE NEST is not in the least bored by America, only sometimes puzzled and made angry by certain things about it. There are plenty of improvements I should like to see. Perhaps I expect more of candidates for office, or from incumbents in office than, by the law of averages, is possible. If Mr. Dewey becomes our next President, he may surprise me with a wise, progressive, and far-seeing Administration. All I can say is that such an administration was never more badly needed.

* * *

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WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued on page 42*)

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(Continued from page 41)

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